

02692

SEPTEMBER 1984

\$3.95

blueboy

Cowboy Bar:
Punch Drunk and Fancy Free

THE WELL KEPT BOY

Step-by-Step Strategy

PICTORIAL SALUTE

Four Fabulous
Decades

Uncut:
A Report



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blueboy

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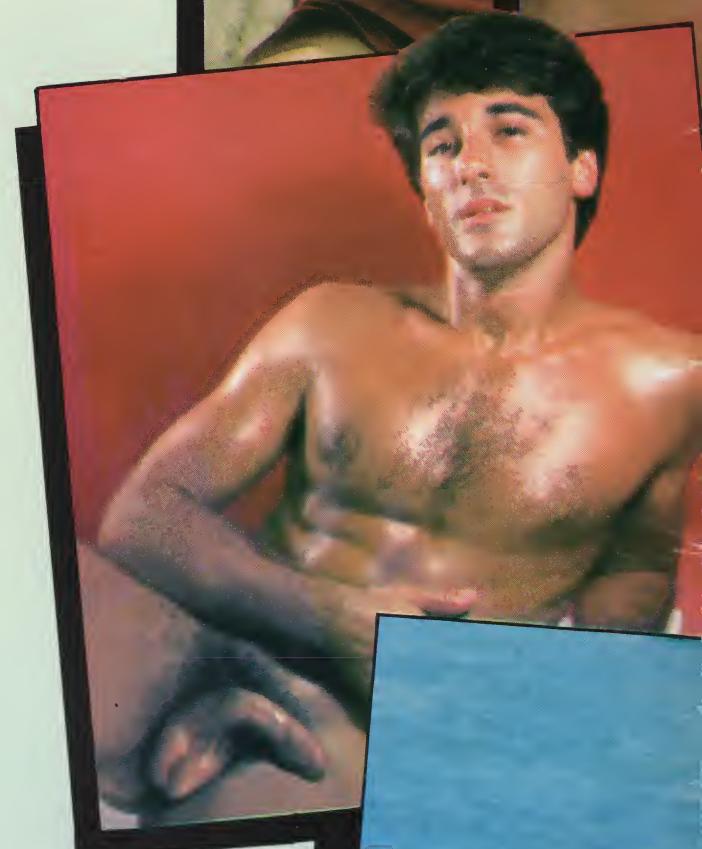
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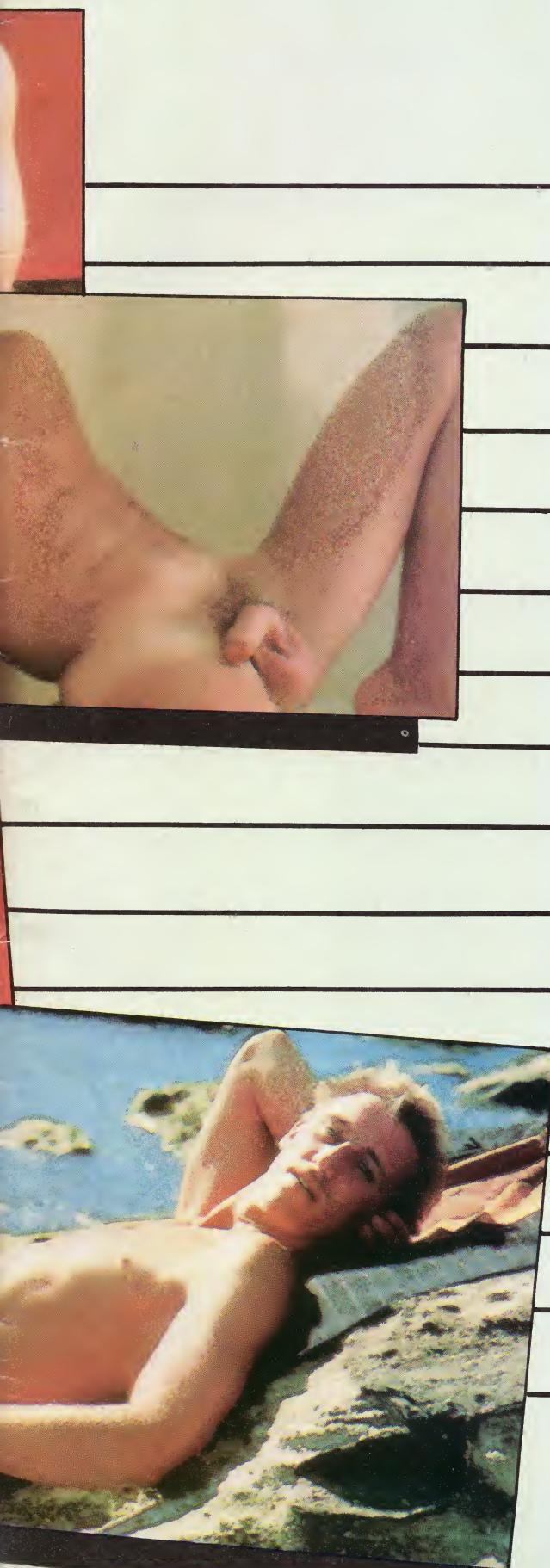
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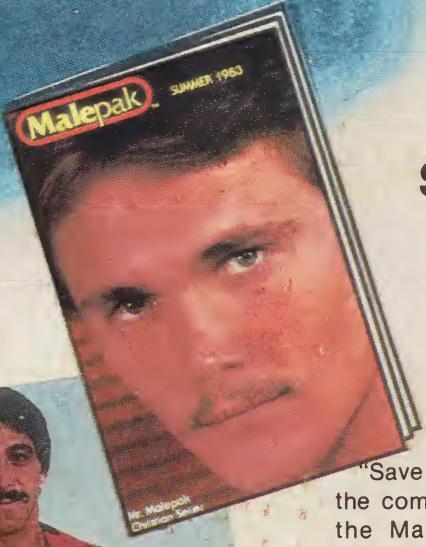
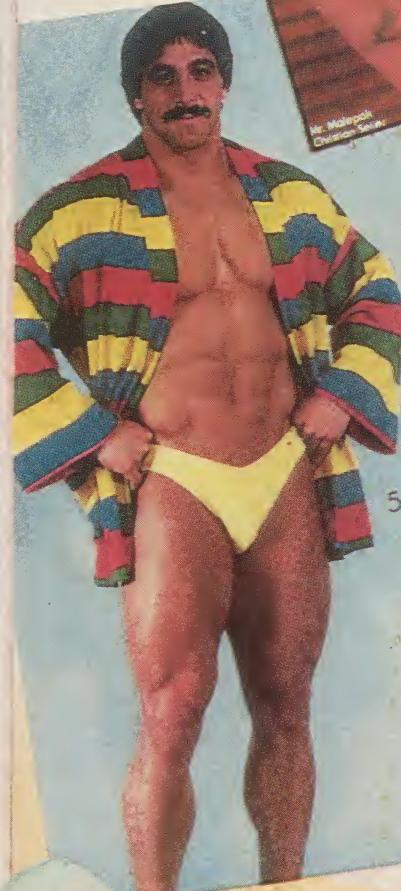
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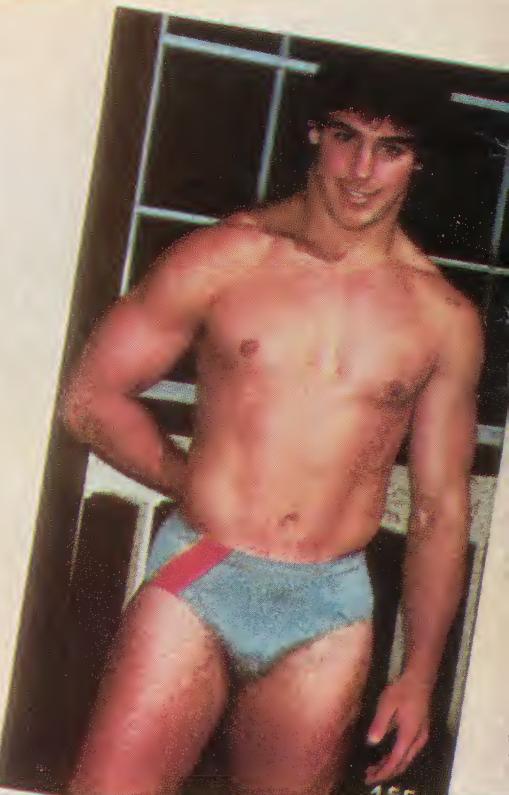
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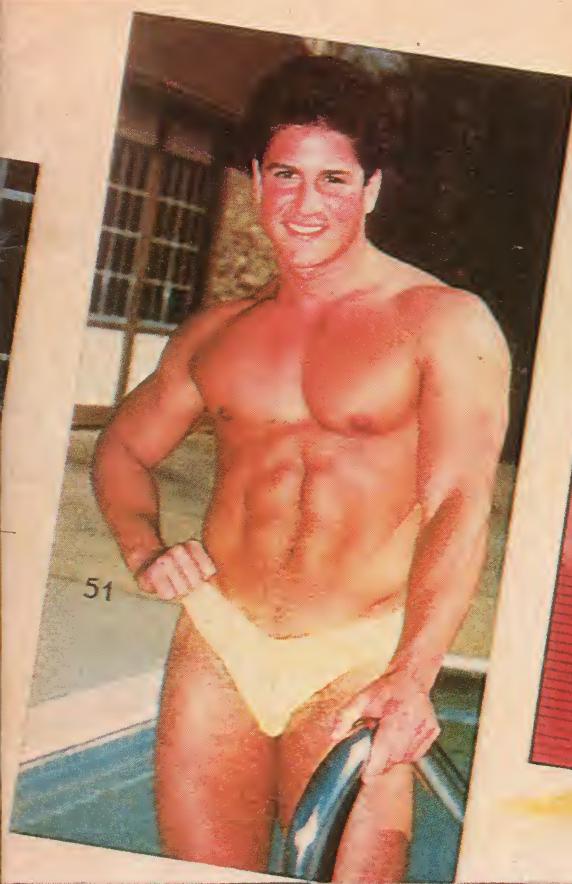
"Save gas and time by shopping in the comfort of your home," advises the Malepak mail-order catalog, which uses Mr. Olympia-size hunks to model teeny weeny briefs and swimsuits. Obviously, we like this sort of counterpoint. Not to mention this sort of shopping.

Located in Atlanta, Georgia, the mail-order house offers such goodies as Summer Cool Mesh Briefs, See-Thru Pouch Briefs, Padded Briefs, Padded Big Bikinis, Fiesta Split Side Robes, Multicolor Check Caftans and other such *items provocatif*—none of which would look out of place at even the maddest Alan Carr pool party. Worn by these big billowing boys, Malepak's skimpy variations—we're tempted to say, glorifications—of posing straps and support bikinis have found their perfect presentation.

There is even a Mr. Malepak, Christian Seiler, "Chris is 23," says the catalog, "and has played the saxophone professionally for several years"—a sight we think should be captured on videotape by, oh, Colt Studios. The copy also says that Chris lives "near West Palm Beach, Florida" (with his wife, but we won't mention that.)

To order this humpy catalog, write Malepak, Box 490145, Atlanta GA 30349.

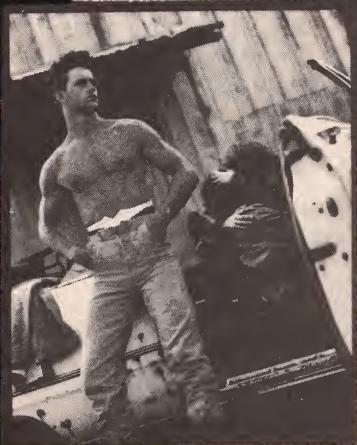






FRENCH UNDERWEAR

Leave it to Paris. The latest style to sweep that fashion capital is underwear riding up over the pants. As shown in this advertisement for the Genius Group (photos by Bruce Weber), such wayward elastic bands and double-decker boxer shorts are torrid punctuations to Le Bad Boy Look. Proving once again that hot-wiring cars and exceeding the speed limit may not only get you into reform school but into fashion magazines as well. America, show us your underwear.



NOSE JOBS OF THE STARS



OLD NOSE



NEW NOSE

For years Diana Ross was suspected of having what one Ross impersonator used to call "white surgery." ("Honey, that child had the whole thing *done*—lips, nose and skin bleach!") But such allegations were never corroborated by any but the most vicious female impersonators—who have now, mercifully, moved on to Michael Jackson Country. Here, at least, they have a sequin to stand on. *People* magazine recently came out with a story claiming that Michael Jackson had his nose built up and narrowed. *People* offered pictures—similar to the ones shown here (but not so pretty)—as proof. Jackson is staying mum on the subject. What do you think, readers? Has Michael Jackson gotten the most obvious nose-job since Michele Lee? Or is he just feeling his hormones? The first hundred readers to respond will be given a lock of Michael's hair, as well as a Handi-Wipe.

The JOINT

SEX

in prison finds its way into many men's fantasies. What would it be like? Heaven...or hell? "Prison is mostly what the individual makes of it," writes Robert N. Boyd from his cell in the Southern Nevada Correctional Center. "The homosexual is surrounded by nothing but men; it's up to him to turn hell into heaven." How that trick is turned is the theme that runs through all the short stories and non-fiction accounts that make up Boyd's book, *Sex Behind Bars* (Gay Sunshine Press; \$10). In and out of prison for the last 11 years, mostly for bad checks (as well as an armed robbery the author swears he didn't commit), Boyd writes in a lucid, documentary style that is unsentimental and compelling.

Many of the pieces in *Sex Behind Bars* appeared first in the gay slicks, and certainly they all have slick titles: "Butch Virgins," "Prison Slaves," "The



Hole," and Boyd's novella "No One Ever Wins." The fact is Boyd is an excellent writer. The erotic encounters between his men—both fictional and real—have an authenticity rarely seen in those mindless prison stories of the armchair variety. Being there gives this writing weight and shape. If the truth will make you free, then Robert N. Boyd is flying above our heads, for his writing glows with it.





THE BIG BOYS

Please don't say steroids. Say discipline, say forced reps, say shock training—as the new workout book *Beef It! Upping the Muscle Mass* by Robert Kennedy (Sterling Publishing; \$8.95) does. But please don't say that the human body can only get this colossal and—dare we?—overblown due to anything as *unnatural* and *unhealthy* as a do-or-die regimen of steroids, diuretics, blood doping, tuna and water.

The book *Beef It!* tells us that such bodies come from exercise alone.

This, despite the fact that many men who actually look like this readily admit that steroids are as essential to winning physique titles as posing under a shine of baby oil. Usually starting six weeks before a contest, a contestant takes steroids to mass on muscle and strength. At one time, this was an unorthodox procedure that gave the contestant an edge. Nowadays

a man has to take steroids just to keep abreast of the competition.

Mr. Kennedy, as the editor of *Musclemag International*,¹ is certainly familiar with this but only raises the issue in order to advise newcomers against steroids. He fails to come to grips with the reality of the bodybuilder's lifestyle—namely there is little that is healthy or natural about it. It is an aesthetic pursuit, and the bodybuilder's bulimic cycle of feasting and fasting, purging and posing bears more than a casual resemblance to that of the male model, another image of supposed health and naturalness.

This hedging on the lifestyle issue, as well as a rather archaic passage on masturbation, are the only exceptions we take to this otherwise excellent workout manual. We recommend the book, in the final analysis, to any of our readers going for that hardcore

Mr. Olympia look.

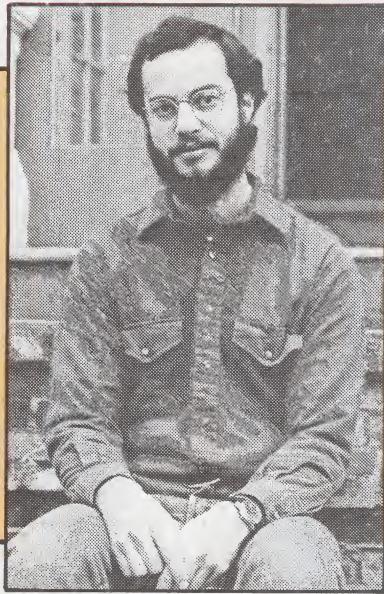
"Many young bodybuilders are concerned about the negative aspects of masturbation," writes the 46-year-old Kennedy in the masturbation passage (you didn't think we were going to forget it, did you?) "In the not so distant past this was thought to cause everything from madness to blindness. Neither was true, of course, but excessive masturbation can overtire you and may have an adverse effect on your training, vitality and general recuperative ability." Sure.

Besides the expected chapters on Chest, Arms, and Calves, there are chapters on such Muscle-Beach-State-of-the-Art items as Ultimate Nutrition, Power Thinking, Suntanning and—our favorite—"Posing...The Art of Successful Physique Display."

—John Calendo

A SMALL

Larry Goldsmith
is a staff reporter
for the Gay
Community News,
where the reports
that this
commentary is
based on first
appeared.



There is a tendency among Bostonians to consider their Lesbian and Gay Pride March as a dress rehearsal. Oh, we focus on our own local struggles, we have our own local brand of fun, and last June the appearance of sunshine brought a record 18,000 of us out into the streets. But it's no accident that the Boston Pride Committee always schedules the march for the weekend *before* the New York City march. The committee knows that while no one would miss the event here at home, many of us also want to reserve that next weekend for the Really Big One.

In May of last year I took a bus out to the western Massachusetts town of Northampton (pop. 30,000) to cover one of the first marches of the season. Threats of violence at that event never materialized, but the sun did, for the first time that year in these cold latitudes. And despite the fact that for me, a reporter for the *Gay Community News*, Pride marches for the past few years have meant not so much liberation as long hours of scribbling, I enjoyed myself. The Northampton march had something all the marches I'd been to in Boston, New York and Los Angeles had missed—a special sense of unity among the courageous queers marching through the streets of a small town.

So when the Boston march was over last year and

everyone in town seemed to be heading for New York, I decided to buy a bus ticket and travel in the opposite direction—to the first annual Lesbian and Gay Pride March in Burlington, Vermont (pop. 38,000). Nobody had any idea who might show up, and a rash of letters in a local newspaper threatening hellfire and brimstone had raised the level of anxiety and paranoia. Unlike a big-city march, where one has a reasonable chance of surviving the day with one's anonymity intact, the march in Burlington to the town's City Hall would be lined with faces that would be familiar to everyone there.

As it happened, 500 people gathered on that Saturday afternoon for a rally before the march. They heard a collection of local gay activists and performers.

"The shit really hit the fan this week," declared activist Peggy Luhrs. "The city came out with a proclamation and guess who came out of the closet? The homophobes! If the warmongers, the witch-burners—the ones who hate gays but don't mind war or starving children—don't like us, we must be doing something right."

Plans for the march had provoked a wave of controversy in the small Vermont town. Anxiety found expression in articles, an editorial and numerous letters to the editor of the *Burlington Free Press*. The debate reached a peak when the city Board of Aldermen voted 6 to 5 to issue a resolution recognizing the day's events. A week later the board blocked a bid by a coalition of Christian groups to rescind the proclamation.

The *Free Press* responded with an editorial decrying the resolution. "The aldermen's action is a patent endorsement of the cause of gay rights," the paper claimed. "In going beyond the practice of issuing a permit for the event, the aldermanic majority had embarked on a brambled path where it

TOWN MARCHES

BY LARRY GOLDSMITH

can be stung by the thorns of constituent disapproval and the demands of other groups for similar proclamations."

The *Free Press* followed the editorial with a tide of letters, most condemning homosexuality on the basis of Christian beliefs. These were published on the day before and the day of the march. Many of Burlington's gay women and men were particularly unnerved by the letters. They expressed fear that coming out for the march might lose them their homes or their jobs. Although it is Vermont's largest city, Burlington still maintains a small-town atmosphere.

"For every gay man I've talked to who says he's coming to the march, there are ten gay men who say they are afraid," said Howdy Russell, a lifelong resident of the area who spoke at the rally. "That's why we're here today.

"But," added Russell, "I'm a little more angry than I'm scared."

Following the rally, the crowd carried banners, placards and lavender balloons in their march along a one-mile route that took them past Pearl's, the city's lesbian and gay bar, the *Free Press* offices where the marchers broke into a chorus of boos, and Church Street, a pedestrian shopping mall where the patrons of sidewalk cafes suddenly found themselves in the midst of the parade.

"It's the homosexuals," exclaimed one woman shopper. "Aren't they beautiful!"

A wedding party in front of the First Congregational Church looked on as the marchers passed. A man from the party threw rice at the parade, and a bouquet-carrying woman in a purple dress accepted a lavender balloon from one of the marchers.

Despite the adverse publicity and a few anonymous telephone threats received by Burlington police, the day passed without incident and with

only an occasional interruption by an isolated heckler. Representatives of the church coalition which had fought the aldermen's proclamation passed out literature promoting cures and salvation from a small table at the far end of City Hall Park.

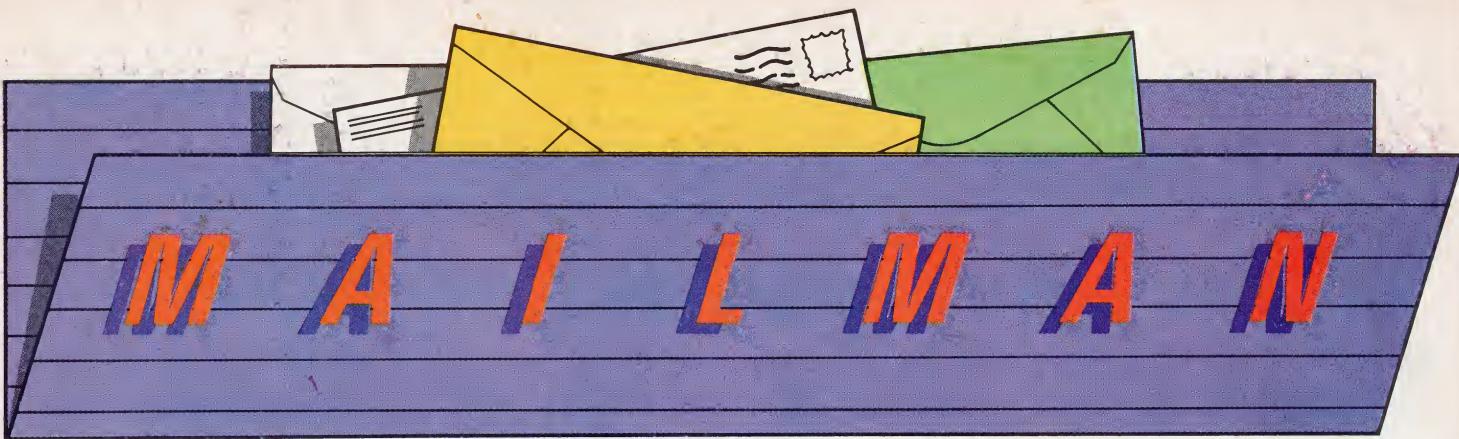
By the end of the day, participants were calling the afternoon a success. Even the *Free Press* reporter covering the event had words of praise. "I've got to say," admitted Bill Braun, "as parades go, it was a hell of a lot better than Memorial Day."

"I don't know why they bother to march anymore in New York," said one transplanted New Yorker who had traded the East River for Lake Champlain. "There's seven miles of people marching. None of them are making a statement. But to march here in Burlington means coming out to everyone in town."

I didn't understand at first why they had held the rally before the march. Usually, Pride rallies are epilogues that collect and give vent to the energy built up in the streets. I realized that here the rally had to function as a warmup for the main event. Gathered in the park facing city hall, people lent each other support, building courage from the speeches and the simple presence of 500 lesbians and gay men in full view.

When they finally marched, the anxiety turned to euphoria as the procession picked up momentum. The statement made by the 500 marchers met, for the most part, with approval and support from the crowds of bystanders.

I had a moment of regret once, during the long bus trip to the march. Why had I taken off alone, leaving all my friends to enjoy the once-yearly exhilaration in sheer numbers at the New York march? But as I filled time on the bus trip home by writing this article, I only felt sorry that none of them had accepted my invitation to come north for an unusually impressive display of Lesbian and Gay Pride. ●



JUDGE NOT . . .

I know this won't do any good but my Christian faith compels me to tell you that gays are sinners who will burn in hell for their sick practices. How long will you burn, you perverts who lead others astray with your magazine of perversions and depravity? God has sent the AIDS to punish you all and clean the world of your disgusting habits. How long will you burn in hell? Forever. Repent and ask Jesus Christ to forgive you. But you won't because you're all SICK. We are seeing the Latter Days when God is dividing your ilk and bringing the AIDS to kill you—a sight the righteous can draw strength from. Jesus is Lord!

A Christian
Louisville, KY

We know this won't do any good but our sense of honesty compels us to tell you that your head is planted firmly up your ass. AIDS is not a punishment from God any more than heart attacks, cancer or common colds. If you believe they are, you're not a Christian; you're an ancient Egyptian. A few extreme right wing fundamentalists have said that AIDS is "God's judgment" on gay men, but this is a view rejected by every mainstream religious leader in the country. Bishop Paul Moore, the Episcopal bishop of New York, put it eloquently last June: "Let it be strongly stated that AIDS is not God's vengeance upon the homosexual community. The God who does not punish his children like a wrathful father. Such concepts of God are found only in primitive, barbaric passages of the Old Testament. Furthermore, whatever so called sins may have been committed by persons with AIDS can in no way compare in seriousness to the social sins of our

generation which have brought war and poverty upon millions of innocent people. We believe, on the contrary, that God has a special love for his children when they are suffering persecution such as has been brought upon the homosexual community over the years."

This quote even appeared in an ad for the Gay Men's Health Crisis. Readers, if ugly misinformation like the kind in this letter troubles you, you can discuss your feelings with the AIDS Resource Center's Religious Advisory Committee—(212) 749-1214. You may also wish to contact the Metropolitan Community Church in your area. The MCC is a church made up primarily of gay men and women. Other faiths also have groups



of gay believers. Dignity, for instance, is for gay Catholics; Integrity is for gay Episcopalians; and Congregation Beth Simchat Torah is a very active, predominantly gay synagogue. Major Jewish and Christian organizations are making sure that extremists don't get a chance to use AIDS to promote hatred against gay people.

—Editor

CHEESEBURGER

I enjoy BLUEBOY and though I'm not one to write letters I'm doing so in order to complain about the glaring lack of uncuts in the photo sections. Don't you guys believe in variety? Why have hamburger every night? How about a little cock au fromage now and then? Please let's have more uncuts.

Yours truly . . .
LM
New York, NY

Looks like this issue's article on the Uncircumcised Society of America ("The U.S. of A.) should satisfy your, um . . . longings.

—Ed.

BEDSIDE MANNER

Do doctors have the right to ask you if you're gay? I'm 20 years old and live at home. While getting some boxes down from a closet, I tripped and fell on my arm. My mom got all upset and took me to the emergency room of a hospital because if my arm was broken it would be important to set it quick. When I was alone with the doctor, he lowered his voice and asked me if I was gay. I got real embarrassed and said no. Meanwhile, he kept putting his hand on my knee or leaning on my thigh. It turned out

my arm was only sprained. But the doctor seemed to be asking me a lot of questions. Did I have a girlfriend? How often did I masturbate? Do doctors have the right to ask you if you are gay?

Dan H.
Tampa, FLA

It sounds like your doctor was putting the make on you. Nevertheless, many doctors and nurses in emergency rooms have begun asking this question as a matter of course. Yes, they do have the right to ask you if you are gay. They do not have the right to force you to answer. Your sexual preference is private, and the line of questions you describe in your letter are professionally inappropriate. Had you come in with a sexually-transmitted illness, than it may be to your interest to tell the doctor about your sexual contacts. Even then, sexual preference seems an unnecessary topic except in rare instances (Acquired Immune Deficiency, for instance.) In the situation you describe, going to an emergency room with a sprained arm, you should inform the questioning doctor that you resent the question and will complain to his superior if the question is raised again. Should he persist, or treat you in a demeaning way, ask to speak to the hospital's legal counsel, who should inform hospital workers that pursuing questions of this type is a violation of a patient's civil rights. You may be shy about making such a fuss, being that you live with your parents. Nevertheless, do not hesitate to threaten a fuss, even if you have no intention of carrying it out. It has been our experience as members of a once invisible minority that silence solves nothing. It is the squeaky wheel that gets the oil.

—Ed.

LETTER FROM OZ

Thank you for your beautifully produced mag. I enjoy it very much. It takes a while to arrive out here in Australia. I especially wish to state my appreciation of your special features in Volume 80 (last June's issue) by Richard White and Zeus. Models Dave and Brian are MAGNIFICENT, but I must tell you that I am enchanted by Randy, who is one of the HAND-SOMEST and most DELIGHTFUL

men I have ever seen!!! If angels are among us, surely Randy is ONE!!! My prayers for God's blessing on all three, and love, and my thanks to their parents for making them!

J. Gibson
Maitland, Australia

ANOTHER GOODBYE

I heard a terrible rumor that Falcon model Dick Fisk died in a car accident. I know he was a BLUEBOY man. Tell me it isn't true!

Sam Hopper
Henderson, NV

We are sad to say that Dick Fisk, 28, was killed with his lover in a car accident last Halloween just outside of Atlanta. Dick's real name was Frank Ricky Fitts and he was well known in Atlanta's gay social scene. Too bad. We will miss him.

—Ed.

JAIL BAIT

I was recently writing to a prisoner whose name I found in [a gay magazine]. It was a very bad experience as he conned me out of \$2,000 with a postal money-order scam. Please warn your readers to be wary of supposedly "gay" prisoners, who pretend it's all been a big mistake that they're in prison and then rob you from behind bars.

Ted Belvedio
Philadelphia, PA.

The Chief Postal Inspector recently issued a warning to gay men who write prisoners. Inspector Fletcher says his office has seen an alarming increase in altered postal money orders, 90 percent of the victims being gay men who write prisoners. According to Fletcher, the cases involved inmates who placed pen-pal ads in gay publications. After they establish a correspondence with a gay man, they ask him to cash a money order for a large amount and wire the cash to a confederate outside. These money orders, Fletcher says, were purchased for much smaller amounts (\$4, say) and altered by the inmate (to \$400). After the gay victims cash the falsified money order in their bank and forward the cash as instructed, the bank, when it realizes the order is altered, will take the

money from the gay man's account. Some people have lost as much as \$20,000 this way, reports Fletcher. Since the inmate is already in prison, there is no way to get the money back. Fletcher suggests that gay men who have a prison pen-pal be very suspicious of any financial transactions with them and especially refuse to cash money orders.

—Ed.



UXEDO JUNCTION

Wow! Your February cover of the naked guy undressing the guy in the tuxedo was the best yet. Truly, this is the touch of sophistication and understatement that the other gay rags lack. Inside, the undressing was continued, and I must say two more elegant hunks you could not have found. Beautifully done. The spread was nicely complimented by the witty report on current lover relationships in the "Modern Romance" article by Nick D'Aurizio.

Derek Arendt
New York, NY



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A BROTHER'S LOVE

I go to high school in New Hampshire. In my school, students often wear political buttons like "Ban the Bomb," "Nuke the Anti-Nukes" "Glen in '84." I am not gay, but my older brother is. He lives in San Francisco and was beat up a few years ago. Since then I have felt it's very important to show my support for gay rights. But when I wore a button that said "Gay Rights Now", I was told to take it off by my English teacher. He said I would get "into a lot of hassles" if I wore it. Isn't there a law or something that says I have the same right to wear my political button as the other students do?

Jimmy Johanson
Manchester, NH

Absolutely. According to the American Civil Liberties Union handbook, The Rights of Gay People, wearing buttons that have a symbolic meaning is a form of free speech called symbolic speech. It is a public expression of belief or opinion and, thus, comes within the protection of the free-speech clause of the First Amendment. Such symbolic acts are generally protected by the Constitution from government interference, including interference by school officials. In upholding the right of high-school students to wear anti-war armbands during the Vietnam War, for example, the Supreme Court stated that "it can hardly be argued that either students or teachers shed their constitutional rights of freedom of expression at the schoolhouse gate." Mere fear on the part of school officials that to permit students to wear gay buttons would cause a disturbance is not sufficient justification for prohibiting such free expression, or for disciplining it. According to a court ruling on just such a case, "In our system, undifferentiated fear or apprehension of disturbance is not enough to overcome the right to freedom of expression . . . Our Constitution says we must take this risk." This right of expression applies equally to teachers as well as students. It should be noted, though, that in practice, teachers may have a more difficult time enforcing their right to wear symbols of the gay movement to school. You may want to pick up a copy of The Rights of Gay People (Bantam Books; \$3.95) and show the chapter on "Freedom of Speech and Association" to your English teacher.

AD-DICTED

I love your "Ad of the Month" items in *Bluechips*. They are really radical. Do you collect the ads yourself, or do your readers send them in?

Jan Hand
Encino, Ca

We find those sexy ads ourselves, but we would welcome readers sending us their nominees for Ad of the Month, or any other item they feel might fit our "Bluechips" section.

—Ed.

SCOTSMAN

I am totally in love with that spunky bundle of boy-man named Scott in your February issue. I would like to take a bite out of his chunky ass, twist his nipples till his eyes light up and give his cock a heavy work-out. Let's see more of Scott!

G.V.
Los Angeles, CA

WHITE WITH RAGE

I must commend author Gary Schweikhart on his excellent profile and exposé of Dan White, the assassin of Harvey Milk and the mayor of San Francisco, in your February issue. That this murderer is out and allowed to walk the streets is a crime against all gay people. I hope gay women and men will take a tip from the Jewish Defense League and never forget this outrage. Perhaps it is time for us all to arm ourselves. White isn't the only killer cop around with a sick attitude about gay people.

Bill Engles
Columbus, OH

The extensively researched article "Dan White Today" in your February issue is one of the best—and the most frightening—that I have ever read. My compliments to the author, Gary Schweikhart, and to your fine magazine for presenting so cogent a piece. If anyone thinks that gay equal-rights reforms are not necessary, let the Dan White saga stand as a terrible warning. We cannot afford to let the inequities stand. As they are now chanting in San Francisco, "HE GOT AWAY WITH MURDER!"

Sandy O'Rourke
Sacramento, CA

Promote your success and protect your health with the new nutritional discoveries in The Life Extension Companion

The Life Extension Companion, an exciting new book by research scientists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw reveals revolutionary discoveries about our nutritional biochemistry that affect our ability to defend ourselves from disease, to get ahead, and to be a success. You can control many of these vitally important biochemical processes with nutritional supplements without changing your lifestyle! These practical suggestions are based upon hundreds of animal and humans tests, referenced in an extensive bibliography of research reported in reputable scientific journals. Both authors have used these techniques on themselves for many years. Their last book, **Life Extension, A Practical Scientific Approach** has sold over 1,000,000 copies. *The New York Times* said, "It's the fountain of youth."

The Life Extension Companion can show YOU:

■ How to use certain nutrients to stimulate your immune system, which protects you from infectious disease and cancer. You can reduce your risk of illness, even cancer, and you may recover more



ABOUT THE AUTHORS

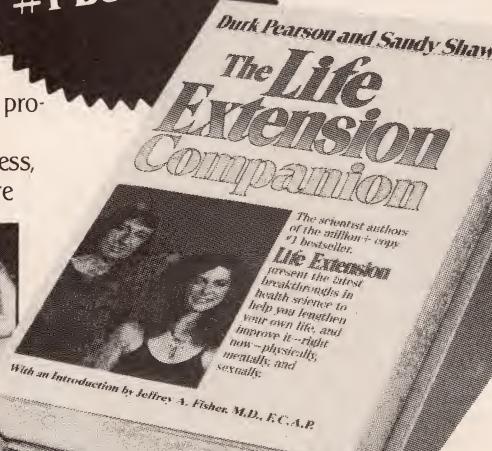
Life Extension: A Practical Scientific Approach was written by research scientists Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, who have worked together studying aging processes and methods of their control for the past fifteen years. They are their own favorite guinea pigs and have, for many years, used most of the techniques reported in *Life Extension* on themselves. Both Durk and Sandy are thirty-nine years old and youthful. Their studies of the psychobiology of sex have enabled them to maintain their sex drives at a teen-age level. Both authors are lean and muscular, despite being almost entirely sedentary and eating a high-calorie, unrestricted gourmet diet.

Durk Pearson graduated from MIT in 1965 with a degree in physics (and enough extra credits for degrees in biology and psychology as well) and scored

quickly from an illness you already have. ■ A new non-prescription treatment for herpes, including genital herpes. Extensive scientific references are provided. This treatment requires a food ingredient that you can purchase in a health food store! ■ Why and how to use certain nutrients to prevent much of the damage from killer stresses such as smoking, drinking, partying, communicable diseases, and over-work, without changing your lifestyle. ■ How to obtain up to the minute life-saving medical information from the National Library of Medicine's MEDLARS database. The latest information on treatments for your illness or that of a loved one can be obtained to assist your doctor.

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in the highest percentile in the US for that year's Graduate Record Exam. He started a scientific consulting business in aerospace, energy, and life extension research in the early 1960's. His most exciting discoveries have come from fifteen years' research into aging processes, aimed at allowing a human being to live beyond the current limit of about 110 years with the physical and mental abilities of someone in the prime of life.

Sandy Shaw earned her degree in chemistry, specializing in biochemistry, at UCLA in 1966. An independent scientific consultant to many large companies, Sandy's major scientific interest in the past fifteen years has been the study of aging and how to slow and reverse it. "This problem is not only fascinating, but even partial solutions offer substantial rewards."

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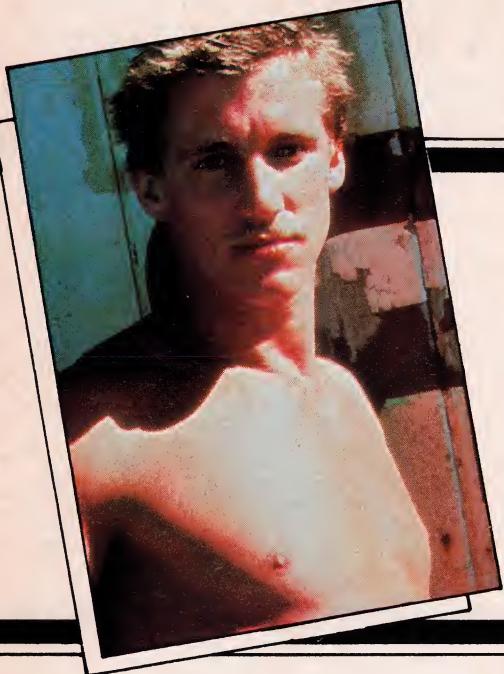
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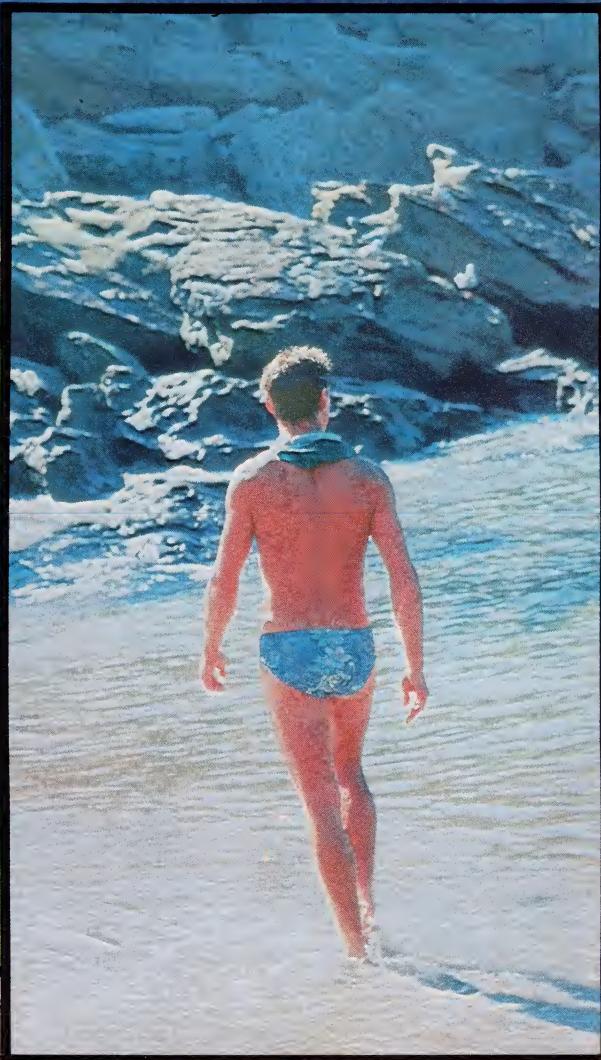
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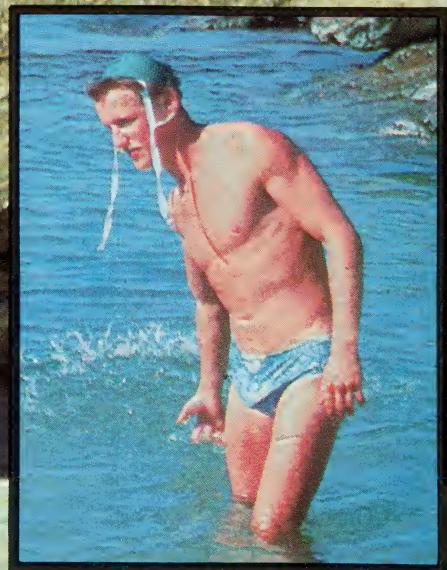
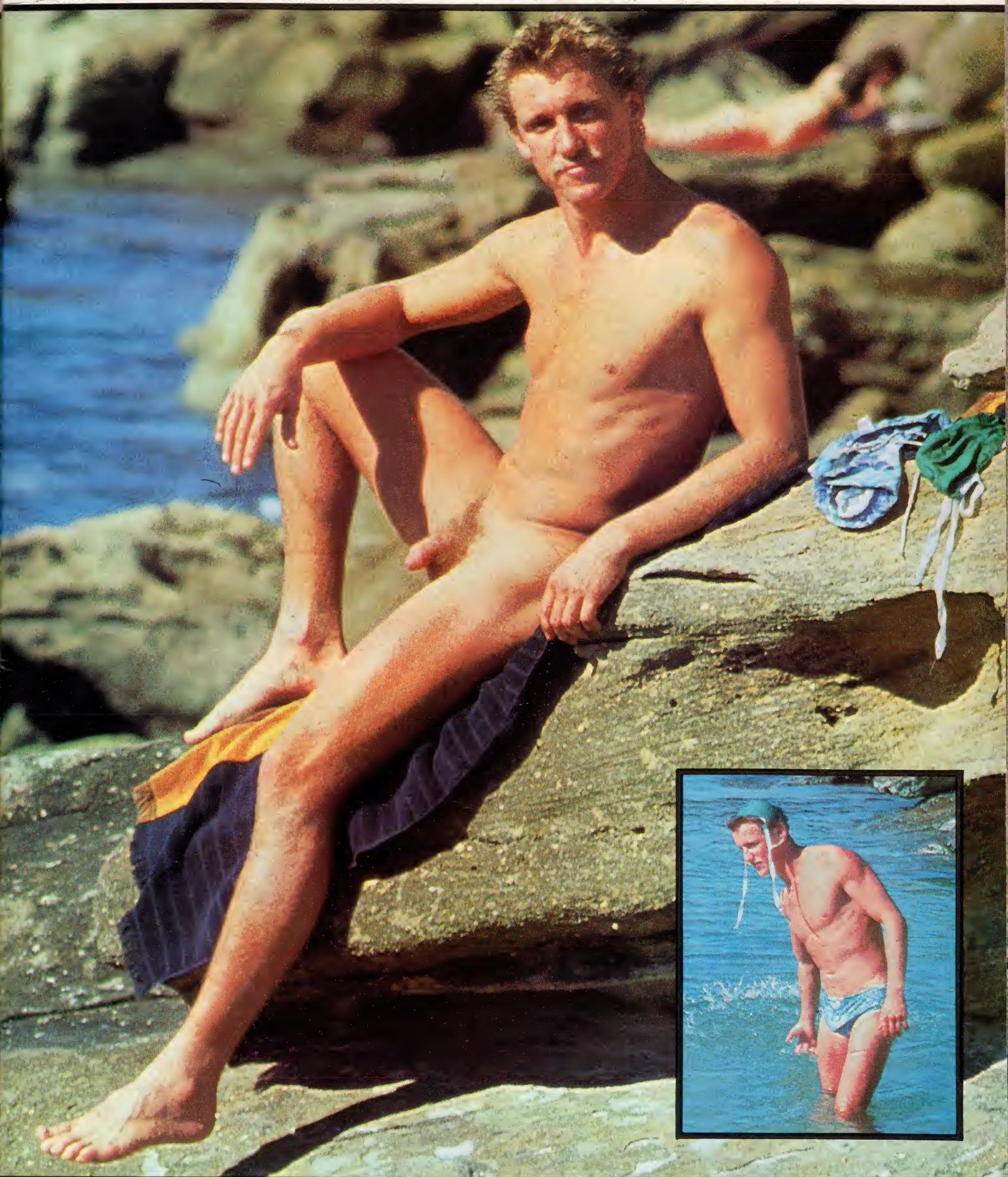
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THE U.S.A.

(Uncircumcised Society of America)

How I Grew Up to Be President...

F

oreskins fascinate me!" said my handsome young French visitor as he fingered his elegant penis. "I suppose it is because I don't have one of my own."

What a disappointment! I didn't know they circumcised French cocks.

"It happened when I was nine years old in Paris. The school doctor decided my foreskin was too tight and so he cut it off. After it happened, the other boys treated me like a freak. Very few Parisian boys are without foreskin. I felt ashamed of my penis."

Oh man, how well I remember that feeling!

"Now that I have come to California to attend college, I have observed in the showers that my circumcised penis is not a stranger here. I feel better about it! But I have always had a strange desire of which my girl friend would fail to understand. I would like an uncircumcised man to stretch his long foreskin over my naked glans."

Oh really? Oh wow! Like this Philippe?

"Oh, monsieur, mai qui"

"How does it happen that you, being an American, are not circumcised?" Philippe panted. "Why did

you start writing about foreskins? Start researching circumcision history? Studying penises? Organize the Uncircumcised Society of America? *Oh, monsieur, mai qui!*"

Relax, my sexy Parisian, and I'll tell you all about it

Foreskins were hard to find on boys in Hollywood when I was growing up there. In fact, no one had one except for me! My two brothers, my two male cousins, my early playmates and later all of the cadets at my boys' school had long since been circumcised. Most of the boys in "my crowd" were born at the Hollywood Hospital as I had been. I suspect the fact my foreskin got out of that place alive had something to do with my father. I was his first born, his namesake and, as he too was uncircumcised, his "cocksake". He didn't do me a favor ... at least I didn't think so when I was a kid! I hated my foreskin! The other boys teased the hell out of me for having it. As we reached the age of puberty and beyond in the school's dormitory and mutually experimented with our flowering manhood, my fellow cadets never once let me forget that my "tail" needed trimming.

"Push your skin back!", the young doctor commanded. Dissatisfied with my hesitation, he would raise his arm and, grabbing my dick, push my

foreskin back and forth himself. My penis quickly rose to attention. How embarrassing it was! I was 15, and I grew to hate the moment I would be called out of class for my turn with this doctor. He began coming to school a year earlier to give each cadet a monthly physical exam. Each month he watched my foreskin slide back and forth and my dick get stiff. Then, he would quietly write out a note, seal it and tell me to give it to my parents. Intuitively, I knew those notes concerned circumcision. I hid them. I was much too traumatized by the threat of circumcision to discuss it with anyone, much less my parents. I had grown defensive about my foreskin at school, although I secretly wanted to have what all the other cadets had a circumcised peter! One day my mother asked about the doctor's notes. I made an excuse about losing them and, a few Saturday's later, I ended up in the office of our family doctor. He quickly looked over my dick and then asked right out, "Do you want all that extra skin cut off?" I shouted "NO!". I wanted to say yes, but I wasn't about to allow those brats at school to have a laugh on me. The doctor said my foreskin was nice and loose and if I washed it out each day I could keep it. That was that! Except for the damned doctor at school. His attitude towards me changed. He

From the book, *Foreskin* by Bud Berkeley and Joe Tiffenbach, © 1983. Excerpted by permission of the authors. *Foreskin* costs \$13.95 and can be ordered from Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco CA 94126

seemed angry, silent; he no longer pushed my skin. I laid awake in the dormitory wondering whether I had made the right decision; wondering why the school doctor wanted to get me clipped. Somehow, I felt that he had wanted to circumcise me himself. And, even more confusing to me, I usually "wondered" with a full erection. From that moment on, I was "hooked" on the subject of foreskin/circumcision, delving into the index of every book I could find searching for such references. My lifelong research began.

... and I felt sure they noticed my long foreskin. It was too late for my freshman clipping! As the weeks and months went by on campus, I began to notice more and more athletes in the showers with foreskins of their own. For the first time in my life, I was not alone. I began to feel better about my uncircumcised penis.

"You are the only uncircumcised officers under my command," said the ROTC major after he had shown us one of those gruesome Army films on VD, hygiene, etc. It was my third year in college and I had too much else on my mind, writing for the school newspaper and studying

the world to see.... he had no choice now but to expose it. We discussed the football season and the weather, but my mind was on his skinned dick. It was ugly! I had certainly seen some handsomely-circumcised dicks in my life, but something went wrong with this one! Wow, I was really getting some messages... and some second thoughts about my own circumcision.

London was full of foreskins and, going there after college, I was right at home. After awhile, I grew homesick and longed to hear an American voice and see good-ole' American clipcock. I was swimming in the pool at the Tottenham Court Road YMCA when

Foreskins were hard to find on boys in Hollywood when I was growing up. I was defensive about my foreskin at school but secretly wanted what all the other cadets had...a circumcised peter!

Egyptology to give any thought to circumcision. Also, I had grown to resent the ROTC even though they had made me a student-officer. I hated this particular major! Maybe that is why I rebelled after he told the group of five shocked college boys, "I have made arrangements for your circumcisions." He handed us medical releases to sign, I refused to accept mine telling him I had an important swim meet coming up and couldn't afford the time out of training. He told me my circumcision could be postponed and I got the hell out of that room! This time I went running to my coach and told him everything. He was furious, thank God, called the major a few names and got my skin off the hook. That was that! In my mind, however, I still hadn't resolved my desire to get circumcised. Then, a few weeks later I noticed one of the other ROTC student-officers in the showers. I remembered seeing his penis before; it had a long, thick, healthy-looking olive-colored foreskin that looked so natural on his sleek, smooth athletic Italian body. It made me feel good about my own foreskin. This time I was startled at what I saw... he had obviously ended up on the major's circumcision bench. His penis now had a wide glaring red scar with stitch marks circling the thick shaft half-way back to his balls and the proud cockhead bounced out in front for all

I noticed a clean-cut jock on the diving board. Bouncing in front of him was an equally clean-cut dick.... an American! Purposely striking up a conversation with him in the showers I was disappointed by his accent... he was an Aussie. We became brief friends. Still ashamed of my foreskin in the presence of a circumcised man, I would try to push my foreskin back. "Keep your bloody hands off that skin!", he finally blurted. "I want to see it hanging low! Why do you think I am attracted to you, man? Its your bloody foreskin!" He proceeded to educate me on the erotic pleasures of foreskin ownership.... a lost art back home, I suspected. Still, my research continued and I spent long hours in the reading room of the British Museum studying the works of Richard Burton on the history of circumcision around the world. As for my own penis, I had passed the Foreskin Crisis Years successfully—intact. No longer was I about to give up my sex-skin for the sake of conformity.

"Americans beeg!", said the long-robed Arab shower attendant at the bathhouse in Alexandria. As I stepped out of the shower he began to dry me off himself instead of handing me a towel. Having grown accustomed to Arab eccentricities, I stood there patiently dripping while he ran the towel over my back. Suddenly his huge hand clamped itself right down

"Appointment for circumcision", the nurse wrote after my name at the university hospital. I had just arrived on campus, away from home and that damned boys' school at last. Now was my chance to get the trimming I needed! However, I had to wait a few weeks for my turn with the campus circumciser and, in the meantime, I had joined the freshman swim team and pledged a fraternity. By the time my "appointment" rolled around I was already involved with swim training and, still too embarrassed about the subject, I couldn't get myself to explain to the coach why I needed a few days out of the water. So, I stood up the circumciser. Besides, the fellows at the fraternity house had already seen my dick for themselves

on my crotch. "Americans beeg, yes?", he smiled widely displaying a toothless mouth. Surprised at what he was feeling, he looked down to discover my foreskin. "Ooohh! You meester is Cristeeen?" I had long ago read that no Egyptian gets past his teens with foreskin intact. Burton's works were full of Moslem atrocities against uncircumcised penises, cutting off foreskins of prisoners whenever they got the opportunity. Islamic literature was full of warnings against sexual involvement with "unclean" men. While all that was still true, I had discovered from experience that Egyptian men were fascinated by the uncircumcised penises of European adults. So, I stood there dripping while the old Arab amused himself by jacking me off I had also learned you cannot say no to Arab hospitality. I was conducting tours of Egypt from California. It was the early Seventies. I had had several intimate relationships in Cairo. And, whenever possible, I

Phoenician Hotel I strolled along the waterfront watching fishermen weave their nets while beach urchins played among them. One of the teenagers climbed the sea-wall and, glancing back at me, slowly walked down the street. Male hustlers in the Mid-East were nothing new to an experienced traveler ... but what the hell, it was a chance to meet a native. He ended up in my hotel room. He immediately wanted to take a shower, which I thought was a good idea. He seemed like a pleasant kid, about 19, with a broad dimpled smile and sparkling dark eyes and curly-dark hair all matted with sand. He was the type of teenager you see on any Mediterranean beach. Too bad, I thought, that this is Lebanon and not Greece or Italy! Too bad that the kid in my shower is an Arab! After having been in Egypt for so long I was hankering to see another uncircumcised penis. Then, Amin stepped out of the shower. Foreskin! His smile turned to a puzzle

the boys were taught to "cultivate" healthy prepuces. Amin was surprised to learn that Americans, even the Christians, were mostly circumcised. In fact, he didn't know much about the world at all his world was



No modern Egyptian gets past his teens with his foreskin intact. I was in Cairo to complete my studies in Egyptology. There I discovered that Egyptian men were fascinated by the uncut penises of European men, a fascination that was blatant in shower rooms.

would leave my tour-groups to do "field work" among tribal people asking about their circumcision rites. While in Egypt I discovered the eroticism involved in the act of circumcision itself; erections were not hidden. My own circumcision fantasies responded and welled to the surface. Getting circumcised in Cairo would have been adventurous, intriguing, erotic, cheap, probably expert and, for me at that time, good business. But, back home in California, something extraordinary was happening. Americans were discovering foreskins! Uncircumcised men were IN! Those few Americans who still had "all that extra skin" were in demand! That included me. To hell with the Arabs!

Beirut, 1974. I had just finished an exhausting tour of Egypt, sent my tourists back to New York and decided to relax on a beach in Lebanon where swimming was the national sport. After checking into the

for a moment and then he said, "Oh, you see, I am Christian. Do you see down there? I am not, what you say, er slashed down there." Yes, Amin, I see! His smile returned. He was a Christian Maronite well what do you know?! He wasn't a hustler either. I extended my visit in Lebanon.

Beautiful Beirut was getting ugly. Huge Army tanks were being installed on city intersections with cannons aimed down busy sidewalks. The Lebanese civil war was taking shape. Amin and I blissfully toured the country he loved so much, spent hours on the beaches. I met his parents (the strange ways of the East!) and grew fond of the Maronites. From Amin I learned that the Maronites were very proud of their foreskins; their mark of distinction setting them apart from their Moslem cousins. To them circumcision was unthinkable; a mutilation, a humiliation. He taught me how Maronite men stretch their foreskins to keep them loose and how

Lebanon. One day, as we were strolling to a beach we passed a roadblock set up by the Christian police of Beirut, we witnessed a disturbing sight. The police were searching autos for Moslem guns and, evidently finding some, violently yanked youths out of their cars and literally threw them into a covered Army truck. Amin didn't say a word as we continued silently to the beach. Along the way we passed a Palestinian encampment and the glares we caught gave me ideas about splitting for home. While not with Amin, I was spending a lot of time at the numerous bookstalls near the American University where I could find rare translations of Islamic literature to continue my research. Rumors were flying around the bookstalls, where gossip and the affairs of the day were as available as the books. Talk was the Moslem men had been seen entering the nearby university hospital receiving treatment for sliced off ear lobes. The reason for such a strange atrocity, I learned, was Christian revenge for all the Maronites being kidnapped off sidewalks and brutally circumcised. The war was

heating up! Then one man, a Moslem, excitedly told me that he witnessed an entire classroom-full of Maronite boys lined up to be circumcised in a dirty auto garage ... the boys had been kidnapped from a Christian college. I split the place. On the way to the airport my taxi driver surmised that I was an American and started pleading, "You must send us your Marines at once! We depend upon America! America saved us before, you must save us now! If you don't, Christian Arabs will be wiped out!" As my plane left Beirut Airport my mind was on poor Amin and his beloved country. His neighborhood was overrun by Moslem militiamen just three months later.

Back home I was determined to come out of the closet with my special interest. I wanted to write about foreskin. I had seen circumcision in many aspects; aspects far beyond the comprehension of Americans. Amin had made me an activist. However, I needed to know a lot more! I knew what the American medical establishment said about circumcision; what the anthropologists theorized. What I wanted to know was what American men felt about their penises; about their circumcisions or their non-circumcisions. I had finally come to realize that that little boy in Hollywood, traumatized by the thought of circumcision, was not alone. Other men had the same "secret" interest, and it was about time we spoke up! So, I placed an "author wants info" ad in several underground newspapers....and the response overwhelmed me. Soon, I had so many correspondents I couldn't handle it. So, I decided to get all the men together in a correspondence club...and the *Uncircumcised Society of America* was started.

Founded on July 4 (Independence Day) 1976, the U.S.A. frequently brings out the *Uncut American Newsletter*. It is a forum for men and women to express their long submerged attitudes and experiences with foreskin, circumcision and non-circumcision. I'm the editor, Bud Berkeley and in the newsletter I'll include excerpts from medical reports, historical data, bits of anthropology. Readers who have responded to my newsletter include doctors, psychologists, married couples, college libraries—and of course, gay men like myself. Here's a sample of some of the things *Uncut America* has run:

"Man, do I dig servicing uncut meat! I can't ever get enough skin—the more hanging over, around the prick head, the better. I dig watching an uncut dude strip down slowly to his boxer shorts and sit back—spreading his legs real wide so the balls and prick head almost hang out the leg of his shorts, just showing the skinhole. Dig playing with a jock who likes his body and likes showing it off—who digs a cut guy snooping up inside his fat prick covering, spreading the skinhole out wide and pushing it back slowly to finally expose his hidden hunk of manhood which only a few honored guests ever see in its naked glory and then slowly push the roll back over the proud manhood and return it to its place of dignity. Oh shit, man, I need to make my skinless prickhead disappear into the skin! Hot cock-eyes meeting the warm, damp corridors of all that flesh!

thinking about my dick. One night in a hotel room I was awakened by a strange movement in the room. I sat up and realized it was my roommate jacking-off under his covers. He was a 240 pound bruiser and the poor guy was so strong he couldn't even take care of himself without shaking the room apart. Realizing I caught him in the act, he smiled and said, "Can't stop now!" I rolled over pretending to show no interest but he was getting hotter and whispered, "Hey man, you hot, too? Feel like rooting? Hey, I've always been curious about that dick of yours and how that skin works. Want to show me?" My dick was full-up when he turned on the light, bent over from his bed to get a close look while I slid my foreskin up and down over the full length of my dick, covering the head and then exposing it. He almost stopped stroking himself. Suddenly, his mammoth fist

London was full of foreskins, but after awhile I got homesick for good ole American clipcock. Finally I met a clean-cut jock at an English Y, but he turned out to be an Aussie. "Don't pull your skin back," he demanded. "I want to see it hanging low! Why do you think I'm attracted to you, man?"

Swelling man-steaks flaring out under the skin-balloon, struggling to stay inside. My throbbing head outlined under the jock's straining sex-skin and then I plant it! Holy cow, Bud, I can't write anymore right now!"

•
From the *Toronto Sun*:

"On many issues, Di (Princess Diana of Great Britain) has taken a strong stand—even if it goes against tradition, say insiders. For instance, she refused to let William be circumcised, even though Charles and his brothers were. She doesn't consider it medically necessary."

•
"I was the only uncut player on the team. Being professionals we were always on the road and, like it or not, we saw a lot of each other's equipment. My foreskin sure got a lot of long stares in the showers. Nothing was ever said but I felt sort of odd about it and wondered what the fellows were

tightened its grip around his whopper cut tool and his stroke got fast again. He turned out the light and we both finished ourselves alone. Nothing has ever been said about that night. He's straight as hell."

•
After reading the USA material I became curious about uncut cock. I started to track some down to experiment with some oral techniques on them. At first I was confused because different uncut dudes wanted their blow jobs differently; some wanted the skin to stay over the head and others wanted the skin pushed back. Thanks to your Foreskin Finder list I have been able to continue my experimentation on about 100 natural penises during the past year, and have come to some conclusions on how to suck uncut dick. Generally, if the foreskin is tight or adheres closely to the glans and the glans is moist and dark pink, keep the foreskin forward. If the foreskin is loose and thick and doesn't outline the glans precisely

and the glans is somewhat dry and lighter pink, foreskin pushed all the way back or, better yet, "lip" the skin back and forth up and down the entire length of the dick making sure you cover and then, uncover the head. Fellows with tighter foreskins often have supersensitive heads and prefer not to have direct action on them, wanting instead just a nice gentle movement of the skin over the firecracker glans. Fellows with loose foreskins often like direct action on the bared head, with the foreskin shoved all the way down the shaft. But to get these last guys off quick a long stroke of skin movement along the entire 8" will trigger their cannon. Of course, I am still experimenting. Any

"I've got this hunky young jock in love with my arm. I work out at the Y after work and he is there at the same time every Thursday. He has never said a word to me. About a half hour before we are both ready to leave, he goes into the quiet can. I follow him in and he opens the door to his stall. His husky pole is already standing up next to his stomach and it is covered with the most luxurious, veined foreskin I have ever seen. Even when it is hard the skin comes to a point a good inch in front, and yet it slides back so easily. I get on my haunches and get my strong fist around his handle and start pumping. He never looks me in the eye and as my pumping gets him to breathing faster

disappointed that the Yanks didn't smell like men. That wonderful male aroma was substituted, frankly, with the stench of stale saliva."

"In high school I was known as "Elephant Boy" and it wasn't because of my ears."

"I am your 19-year-old-sailor member. I have made a survey on my ship of how many cut and uncut sailors we have on board. Of enlisted men on the ship out of 108 only 12 seamen are uncut. I know we are in the minority but certainly didn't realize to that extent! Of the 8 officers aboard, I only know about one and he is cut. I have not seen any of the other officers without benefit of clothing so cannot give any statistics. The officer I have seen uncovered I got it on with a few weeks ago. I had a gut feeling for several months that he wanted to get into my pants but, of course, it was quite impossible on the ship. One afternoon two of my mates (straight) and I were on the beach when the officer came to us. He invited us up to his apartment for a drink, saying that his wife was out of town. Well, after the beach, we went to his place and showered and had a drink. One drink led to another and it wasn't long before both mates passed out. The officer told me he was going to take a shower. As we didn't have to get back to the ship that night, we had all decided to spend the night at his place. So, while he showered I peeled off to my skivvies and lay down on the bed. When he stepped out of the shower and I saw what hung between his legs, it wouldn't have mattered if he had been an admiral! I decided to throw all caution to the wind. He checked to see if my buddies were still asleep and then shut the door and locked it. My cock started to swell as he walked towards me and immediately put his arms around me, pulling me to him. 'I've been waiting for this for a long time', he said as our mouths met. I felt his cock growing next to mine as we embraced. He reached down and pulled off my shorts so our bodies could have complete contact. Wow! Was I dizzy with desire for him! Then he said, 'Do you know why you caught my eye over the other men on ship?' I said no and he reached down to my cock, pinched my over-hanging foreskin between his thumb and finger and said, 'That's why!'"

Continued on 76



guinea pigs out there?"

"I view my body as beautiful and consider my circumcision as a philosophical-aesthetic mark as well as an infringement of my rights. Although my penis is, when either flaccid or erect, very beautiful in its circumcised state, circumcision is in diametric conflict to a natural-body philosophy. Man can shed his clothing and become, if only visually, in unison with the natural environment. Circumcised man can never shed his mark of belonging to a mechanical society. Weather wrinkles skin; nature inflicts scars; and aging alters the body but these are natural changes. Circumcision is totally a contrivance of man's socio-religious hang ups."

"I wasn't circumcised because my father wasn't."

he begins to lean over and kiss my arm; he really slurps up and down my arm. The thing that gets me excited the most is the noise his inch overhang makes as I beat it....snap, snap, snap. We are always alone, never talk and the snapping can be heard echoing around the tiled room. Even though I have been lifting weights and my grip is powerful, his meat can take as much pressure as I can give it. Snap, snap, snap. It drives me wild. Then he pops. Never says a word. I split quick. Its been going on weekly for about a year. I don't think he's gay, because he wears a wedding ring."

"I am a French woman who watched your Yanks march into a liberated Paris. We girls were so excited to see such clean-cut men. We soon found out just how clean-cut they really were! I recall being so



The Well Kept Boy

BY JIM SAYERS

What is it that is so distasteful about the idea of going to bed with someone for money? Or worse, having to pay someone for sex? Where is the line between picking up a check in a restaurant and a hustler in a bar? Taking a dishy young man to dinner is a compliment to the young man and an elegant way of showing your interest. Yet to ask a hustler how much he will charge, what he will do, how long he will stay is a sordid financial transaction.

The sordidness remains even when the money spent on the dinner would be more than the hustler's price.



The border line is quite distinct when you think about it. Your dinner guest is under no obligation to go to bed with you; your hustler is.

I suppose we have all, in our young flighty years, been given a good time or a present by someone who fancied us. Maybe we came across; maybe we didn't. That was our privilege. The meal or the gift was not barter and put us under no obligation. Mind you, the admirer's lips tend to draw into a thin red line after two or three meals have ended platonically. And I suppose it is a bit too calculating to accept when you do not intend to reciprocate, be it in a restaurant or in a bed. But if you are young enough and cute enough to be taken out to dinner, you are allowed to be a little silly anyway. Any man who woos in this manner knows that if they don't come across the first time they probably never will. The sophisticated approach surely is to accept the young man's company as adequate compensation for the meal—resigning oneself to look elsewhere for more physical rewards.

The difference between the well kept boy and the hustler depends on which side of this border line he stands. To the gross eye, only the obvious is apparent: The interested party is renting the interesting party's flesh. The difference between the well kept boy and the hustler is a semantic one. But to the sophisticated eye, the style of human transactions is what is uppermost. Style gives what would

otherwise be raw and brash a shape, a tone, a humanness. Perhaps the great difference between those who are kept and those who are in business for themselves is that one person is making a living, while the other

completely different person. A person who is perhaps attracted to older men, who does not have any really strong ambition to be an admiral of the fleet, president of A.T. & T., or a judge on the Supreme Court. One of

Being a well kept boy doesn't happen by accident. It takes as much brains, hard work and charm as it does to become the president of A.T. & T. or a judge on the Supreme Court.

person is making living an art.

Money is not the number one goal of the well kept boy. Other considerations come in that provide the dynamics for all sorts of interesting relationships. Affection, admiration, laziness, daddy substitution are just a few reasons why a cute young trick might shack up with someone less cute and less young than himself. This is why kings, emperors and Greek tycoons have favorites—very close, very dear friends; lovers; private secretaries and other soft little titles for someone who may or may not be going to bed with the gent who is paying the bills but who usually is. The splendid thing about this vagueness is that the payer does not have to see himself as too old, too unattractive or too nasty natured to get it for nothing, and the payee does not have to see himself as going to bed with someone he doesn't fancy just for the money.

Shall we suppose, dear reader, that you are much too straight laced to consider any relationship except the conventional ideal—that is, you have a lover about the same age and with about the same income as yourself. Good for you. How nice to fit the acceptable ideal. Once you have both bought one or more dogs you can become completely conformist and achieve the gay version of the nuclear family. Unfortunately if you do not have this ideal love life you probably spend a lot of time in the bars, hoping to meet Mr. Adorable, who will ride into the place on his Harley Davidson, spurn everybody else and whisk little you off to Paradise.

While you are waiting, however, it might help pass the time if we cook up some fantasies in which you are a

the problems with that type of ambition is that it takes up all your time. You certainly don't have time to be hanging around gay bars until 4 a.m. You dare not risk your career or your marriage by being caught in any place as dangerous as a public toilet. Did I say marriage? Yes, you will probably have to get married as well. It is enormously difficult to get through any of the really conventional careers without a little woman at your side. So you might end up with one of the terrible types who sell their bodies—a hustler, in fact—not because you lack sexy charm, but because you just can't stay up all night when you have to be alert in the office the next day. And you can't risk the wife getting suspicious by being away from the married nest too long.

Make no mistake though, the career of being the good friend of someone a little older and a lot richer than yourself takes as much in the way of brains, hard work and charm as it does to reach the top in the Navy, A.T. & T. or the legal system.

It takes brains to organize a long-term campaign to meet the right gent. Standing on a street corner with your shirt off is not the best way to do it. Not much better is the technique of nursing a drink in a hustler bar. To try either of these methods will get instant results, but we are pretending that you want to be something more than a mere trick, whom everybody despises. Loitering in this way is not the best way to win a wealthy heart, for you are both starting off in a brutally commercial atmosphere which is death to romance. Yes, *romance!* That is what the old party is looking for. Not some quicky orgasm, but romance. He can afford it. You

can't. What you are looking for is a bit more practical. Security, a lushly pleasant life, and if you are lucky, a loving friend.

The first encounter should seem an accident. Let's take a model from the Roman Empire. How did Antinous, a simple Bythinian shepherd lad, meet Hadrian an older gent who just happened to own the world? Antinous could have been off somewhere chatting up girls or playing football with the shepherds, but he wasn't. Antinous was standing where Hadrian could get a good long look at his big dreamy grey eyes. It only takes one good look. But you don't just bump into emperors. Those big dreamy grey eyes must have had a brain behind them. Antinous had to figure out how to meet the emperor for the brief period he was in town. Nobody knows for sure, but the most likely circumstance is that Antinous had already been spotted by some provincial officer important enough to meet the big boss when he visited. Since everybody knew the emperor was not remotely interested in women, perhaps Antinous was just there in case Hadrian felt inclined to love up a really scrumptious boy. Hadrian did indeed, and the rest is history.

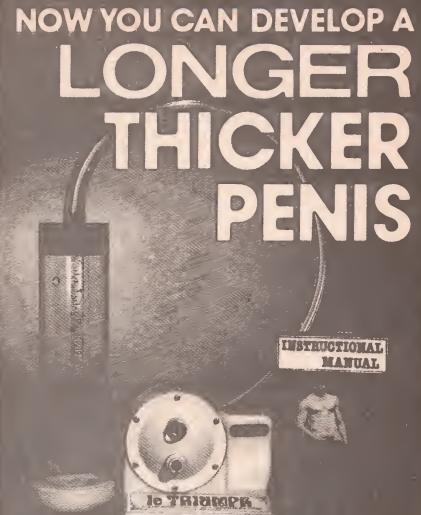
Who knows really how Antinous got there? Results are all that count. But some planning must have gone into the encounter, if you get my point.

How to meet your own personal emperor. The richer he is the more likely the whole sordid financial side of the relationship will not impinge and spoil the romance. Suppose, for instance, you are going on a holiday with a merely rich person. He or his secretary will book two seats on a plane and two rooms in a resort, probably charged to an account. Whereas a really rich lover would maybe say "Some people are coming down to my house in Jamaiça this weekend. Would you like to come too?" You say yes if you've got a brain in your head. You are told where to be picked up so that you can be taken to the private jet. You are just one of the guests who are enjoying the hospitality, although if you don't put out you may not get invited again.

A moment's thought will tell you where to meet your emperor. You should get a job in a place that caters to the very rich. You might work, for instance, in a good restaurant, a chic

clothing shop, a private art gallery, an antique shop specializing in really good stuff. If you don't know the sort of place I mean, here is a test. Sordid paper money is seldom seen. Charge accounts and credit cards take the agony out of buying a \$500 jacket or paying for a simple lunch at \$100 per person. The really rich hate to pay small amounts of money and will feel absolutely brilliant all day if they can save a dollar twenty in some way. Such rich rich rich establishments are first base in your plan to become the well-kept boy. How do you get in? Brains are needed even to achieve this modest goal. Even to get into somewhere as simple as a restaurant catering to the rich needs great skill and charm. If you are going to be a waiter, be the best. Your uniform, your memory, your charm should be impeccable.

In all the places where you are likely to come in contact with the rich, remember this. They are used to being stroked mentally by the people who are making money out of them. The food in a really expensive restaurant may or may not be slightly better than the food in a merely good restaurant, but that is not what the clientele are paying for. They are paying to have the maitre d' recognize them, remember their boring little whims and preferences. They are paying \$100 to have everybody make a great fuss over them. They are paying to have the waiter give them the impression that he really likes them tremendously, that their coming to his table has made the waiter's whole day. You can see what an advantage this is. If some rich old fart comes in, you can flirt outrageously, all under the guise of giving the best possible service. You act as if you know he is straight but you deeply regret it. Don't under any circumstances think you will impress any of these people by behaving as if you were really too good for your job. There is nothing that puts the rich off more than being served by a prince-in-exile. Charm, friendliness, efficiency are delightful in the young—and very rare. Be as good as you know how in your job, no matter how humble. I know of a boy, a foreigner, who arrived in New York without the right visa to stay. He gladly took a job opening packing cases even though he had a university degree in architecture. He did the job cheerfully and as well as he could and was rewarded by



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Please state that you saw this advertisement in Blueboy.

being asked if he'd like the managing director to get him a job in an architect's office. This was all in totally straight circumstances. The point is that a very good servant doesn't stay a servant for long.

Suppose you don't have the skill to be a waiter. Maybe you would rather work among good clothes. If you choose this showcase for your youth and charm, make sure you know all about the sort of clothes they *feel* good in. A lot of your customers don't look too good in anything. But they don't have to, they are nice and rich, and once again, are paying ten times as much as they need to so that some adorable young man like yourself will tell them they look fabulous with their stomach hanging over an \$80 pair of jeans you can buy around the corner for \$30. But you really should study as much as you can about clothes, about cashmere sweaters, Savile Row tailoring, good but not flashy Italian and English leisure clothing and so on. Why not? If you play your cards right you will be wearing nothing else yourself before long.

Are you the arty type? Do you know about Post Impressionism? Do you think Minimalism is the final picture? If you are up to the mark in such subjects—and most intelligent gays know at least a smattering of what goes on in the art world—remember: Do not impress the customer with your knowledge! He will assume you know about painting and such crap because you are working in this incredibly expensive art gallery. What he would really adore, and pay heaps for is for you to be totally amazed at *his* expertise. Agree that some daub he likes may well be the beginning of a whole new movement in painting. Confide that some art critic said it was epochal, or seminal. It is necessary to do your homework. Remember, the rich like to think they are brilliant at everything, not just at making or inheriting money. Tell them how many thousands of dollars a painting by the same artist reached at Christies (assuming it was more). If it isn't more, don't mention it. If pressed, and the gent knows about the Christies painting and its lesser price, explain the price of your gem by saying all these paintings have now increased in value. It's all bullshit so you only have to be suitably vague.

These comments apply equally to antique shops. In fact most antique

shops flog paintings and sculpture too. You must know your stuff, study, listen, observe—then carefully allow the customer to think *he told you*.

So you see an enormous effort is required just to be correctly in position to be noticed by some nice millionaire. You have by now become very good at your chosen job, are so good that you are making enough money to wait for just the right person to come along. You don't have to be too eager at this stage. Govern your every thought and action by remembering one rule at all times: ALL RICH PEOPLE THINK EVERYBODY IS AFTER THEIR MONEY. You will confound and fascinate by not being after their money. After all, if you are going to spend a lot of time with some old party, you have got to like him. No amount of money is sufficient reward for being with a creep or a bore. So you only accept personal attentions from somebody you like. This is difficult to find. The rich are not very good at exerting themselves to be charming. Usually they don't have to. Usually they just sit back while everybody charms them, so they tend to be rather dull. But dull is at least restful. Drunks and neurotics—selfish and humorless—are far worse. A lot of rich people are like a lot of poor people, they are just shy. However unlike poor people, whose shyness may keep them in the background for life, rich shy people have a lot of allowances made for them. This is one of the nicer things about being rich. Eventually it is very hard for a rich person not to feel that he is indeed superior to common mortals in every way. This is perhaps most true of those who have inherited vast sums. The self-made man must at least remember when he too was poor.

Probably the most important attribute is plain old dogged guts. How many people do we know who have the most wonderful talents but who somehow are always on the brink of starting some acting course or painting or novel. They never quite get themselves organized to do a little something every day. I once knew an art teacher, a talented and knowledgeable guy. "How is it that you are teaching painting instead of painting yourself?" I asked him carefully.

His explanation is imprinted on my memory. "I used to live with Tom, as you know." Tom was by this time a

famous and respected painter. "When we were still students, and lovers, we shared the same double bed. Whenever I woke up in the morning, Tom was already at work. I usually went back to sleep for an hour, but Tom couldn't wait to get to it the minute he woke. I realized then that I just didn't have that extra fanatic zeal you need to get you there."

It is truly amazing how many not very bright people get there just by pushing away at the dreary little obstacles, while really talented men talk and talk about what they will do,

night.

The self-restraint you need to avoid a boring competition over a one-night trick must now be practiced severely with Tex. Under no circumstances take him where he might meet other young men like yourself. He will be much happier showing you off to his friends anyway. And you will be much more relaxed and charming if you are not fending off some so-called dear friend of yours eyelash-batting in the direction of your oilman. The world is full of people who would love to avoid all the hard work you have put into

Loitering in a hustler bar is not the way to win a wealthy heart. Such atmospheres are brutally commercial and death to romance. And it is romance that the older gentleman is looking for. He can afford it. You can't.

yet never quite get around to doing anything.

Unless it comes naturally to you, the exercise of charm takes the most enormous amount of guts—guts in the form of self-restraint. Don't think that you can rest back sucking champagne through a silver straw just because you have totally mastered Eighteenth Century French cabinet making and can tell a Riesener from an Oeben. Maybe you think because you have sold a Texan a \$500,000 Louis XV commode to go with his fifty oil wells, and he has told you he bought it only to please you, that you have finally made it. Now the hard part begins. You have won him, true, but once the other workers see what you have got they will try to take it away from you. The world is full of imitators.

We all have a friend who doesn't really know who he wants to get off with until we show an interest in some trick. Suddenly the trick is the love of his life and he will fight you to the death for him. It is pathetic that the friend, so nice in other ways, is so unsure of his own taste that he doesn't want someone until you do. It is also irritating because if you are with this particular friend and happen to spot some tasty little dish across the bar you must feign disinterest until your friend's wandering eye falls on somebody else's target for the

finding Mr. Oil. Their lazy minds work like a child's. "Tex must be available," they think. "I want him."

You can avoid the predators by avoiding the obvious predator haunts. If possible you should cut yourself off from any competition until you have built up your friendship with your new lover. Drop out of sight for a while. Your pals at the bar will miss you, but then they will be all the happier to see you if it doesn't work out.

If you can fit yourself into your friend's group of older gents without being bored too much, you have it made. They should also have lovers if you have landed in the right group. His friends will be amiable, some of them too much so, in fact they will make passes for a couple of reasons. The first one is the imitative reaction we have just deplored in our own pals. If you like Old Tex, his buddies will reason that you might also like them. The trick here is to enjoy a charming flirtation, make it clear you are flattered by the pass, but so in love with Tex. The other reason will be to test your devotion. If you enjoy their attention too much, Tex's friend will be able to report that you are a bit of a slut.

You should now be in a somewhat luxurious world. Most of the people you entertain in your lover's various

Continued on 72

Would You Date This

by Frank Broderick

In a flash, Sherlock. This man is what cameras were invented for. He appears on the new "State of Man" greeting cards put out by one of the most meticulous artists working today, photographer Jim French, who heads Colt Studio. But imagine if the man in this picture took out a classified ad. He'd be reduced to cliches! Without any exaggeration at all, he'd have to describe his face as "hot," his peter as "hung," his body as "BB," his manner as "str app/act" and his likes and dislikes as "sincere only." Who'd believe such an ad? It would be lost in the shuffle. Well, our aerodynamic hunk need never go dateless again. The video classified ad has arrived. Our Bluechipper-at-Large, Frank Broderick (who is also the publisher of Philadelphia's gay paper, *Au Courant*) reports:

Meeting the Love of Your Life has never been easy for gays (just ask us; we're experts on the subject). Back in the Olden days a popular method was street cruising, the basics of which go like this: one man making a trip to the A&P or the drycleaners spots someone who revs up his motor, decides to forego that quart of milk or pressed trousers for the moment, and sets out to learn whether the object of his affection is interested in gaining a little carnal knowledge. A favorite ploy once the initial eye contact occurred was for one man to saunter up to a display window and pretend to be browsing, while the other came alongside and did likewise. It didn't

matter if the window belonged to a plumbing-supply firm displaying nothing more attractive than a baby-blue commode; what was important was that it provided an excuse for the two to size each other up (pardon the expression!) and exchange carefully coded phrases (remember, we're referring to the Olden Days—pre-1970—when the game was much more furtive than now, since one didn't know for sure the cruisee was gay, or just a gay who was fascinated by blue toilets). Only after that security check did conversation progress to "Your place or mine?"

And then there was the tearoom. Most of you readers know how liaisons are accomplished in public bathrooms, so we won't bore you with details. This method is not one we have ever employed ourselves (honest—we don't like using men's room to *pee* in if we don't absolutely have to), but one which was quite popular in Penn State, our alma mater. There was only one gay bar in State College, and sitting on the campus wall (another pickup place) was mighty frigid during the winter; those restrictions plus a large number of closeted faculty made for a rather heavy use of toilet paper. During our years at college, the stalls of choice were those close in Carnegie Building,

home of the journalism department and offices of the student newspaper, the *Collegian*. (no smart remarks about where we perfected our note-taking technique, please.) The bathroom was not easy to locate, pocketed away as it was in a corner of the building's basement, hard by stairs to the main entrance—explaining its favored status. Many was the time we would make a pit stop between classes and run into friends from the bar, sheepish looks on their faces, since we were damn well aware they had no reason being anywhere near Carnegie except for the obvious one.

All of which brings us to the reason for this discourse. We came across an article in the *New York Native* concerning a marriage of, as it's put, high-tech and high romance—the video dating service. Called Connections (hmmm!), this service offers members two options, "Active" and "Passive" (no comment). The "Actives" make videotapes of themselves, answering questions during a four-minute interview about what they hope to gain from the service (98

Man?



percent seek boyfriends, say Connections), their likes and dislikes, etc. The tapes are kept on file; thereafter he comes in to screen others' tapes as often as he wishes. The "Passive" only gets to view tapes of those members requesting a meeting with him after they see his tape. If two men mutually agree they'd like to get together for love, lust or whatever, then and only then are last names and phone numbers divulged. Costs range from \$75 for three months' worth of "Passive" to \$400 for a year of "Active."

Connections co-owner Paul Rackey says most of his clients are serious about wanting to get to know about the men they choose, rather than a quick fuck, and attributes this change in attitude to AIDS (remember, this is New York, where cases number in the hundreds, and where the paranoia is

much more intense.)

"We didn't start exploiting the AIDS crisis until June or so, when the national news began almost daily coverage of AIDS," says Rackey. "Actually, I wouldn't want to say *exploit*, exactly. A better word would be *capitalize*." Connection's first newspaper advertisements began with the sobering proclamation, "Let's Face It—It's Scary Out There, and It's Supposed to Get Worse."

"I was sitting on the beach on Fire Island," recalls Rackey of the day he conjured up the idea of video dating for gay men. "And I was absolutely miserable. And, like a lot of people in

that situation, my thought was, 'There must be another way to meet people.'" Connections opened its doors last January.

Rackey likes to drive home the point that while video dating services have the stigma of attracting losers, in fact he sees mostly bright, good-looking, self-assured gays.

"That's probably because it takes someone of extraordinary self-confidence to walk into a service like this and make a tape," says Rackey.

PORTFOLIO:

LEON SCHOFFELIN









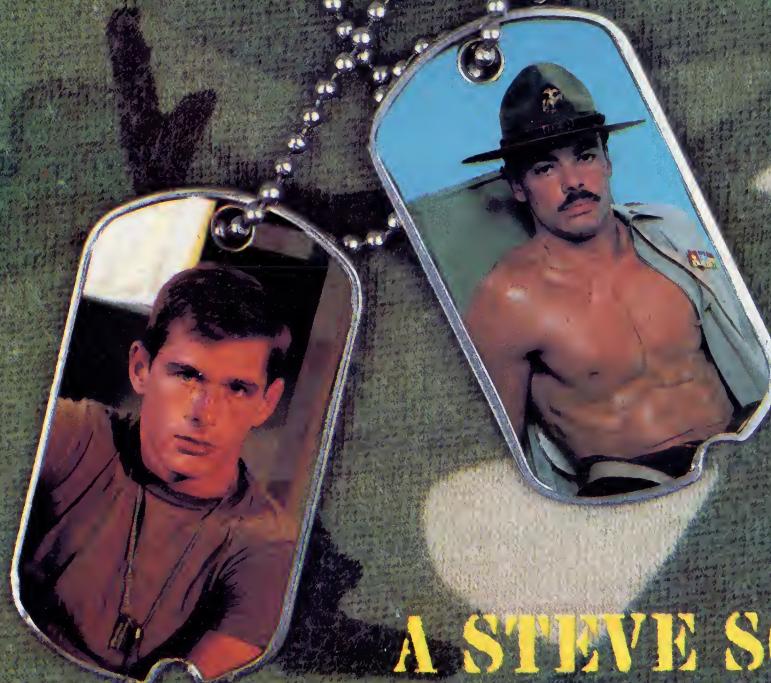


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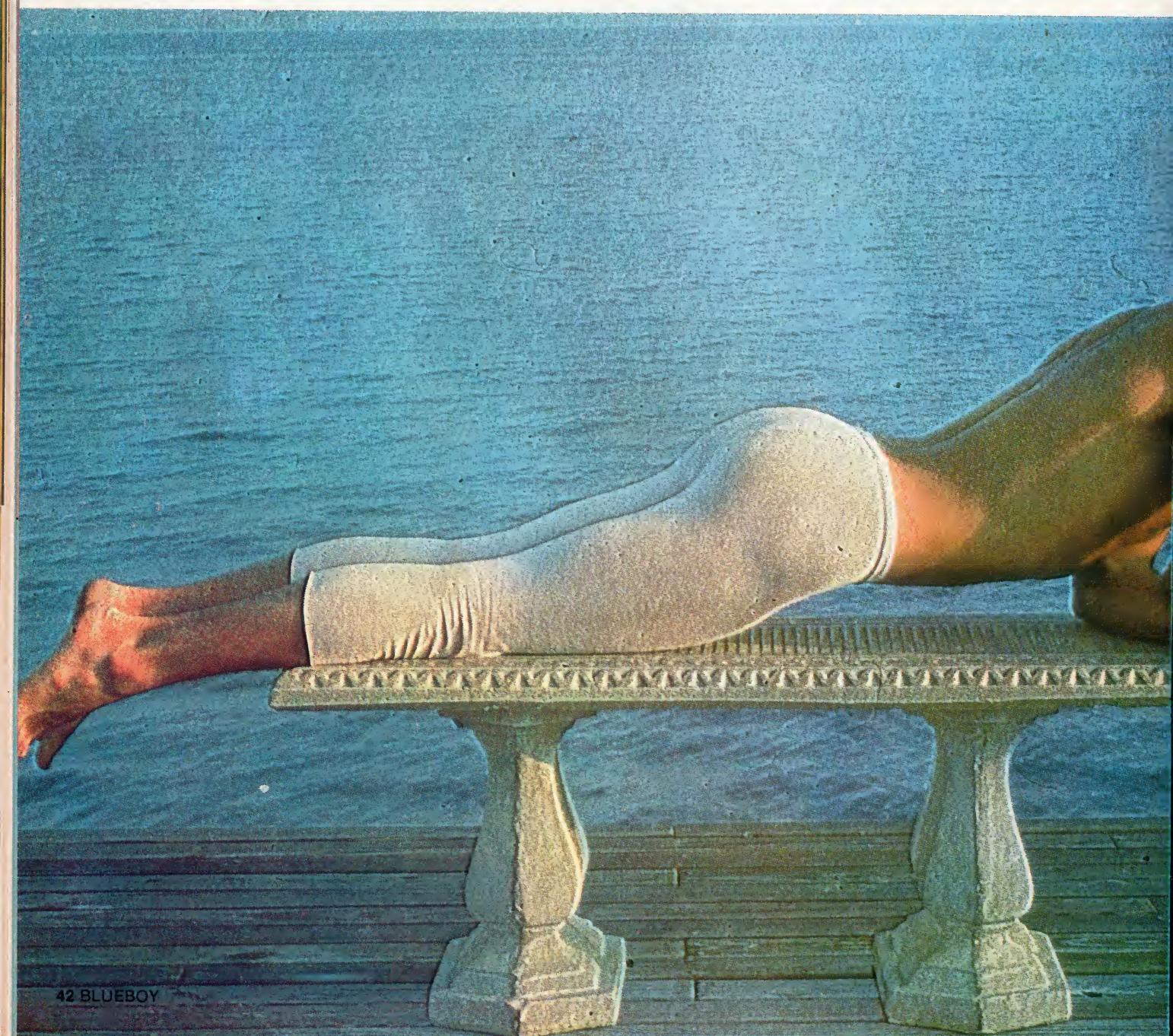
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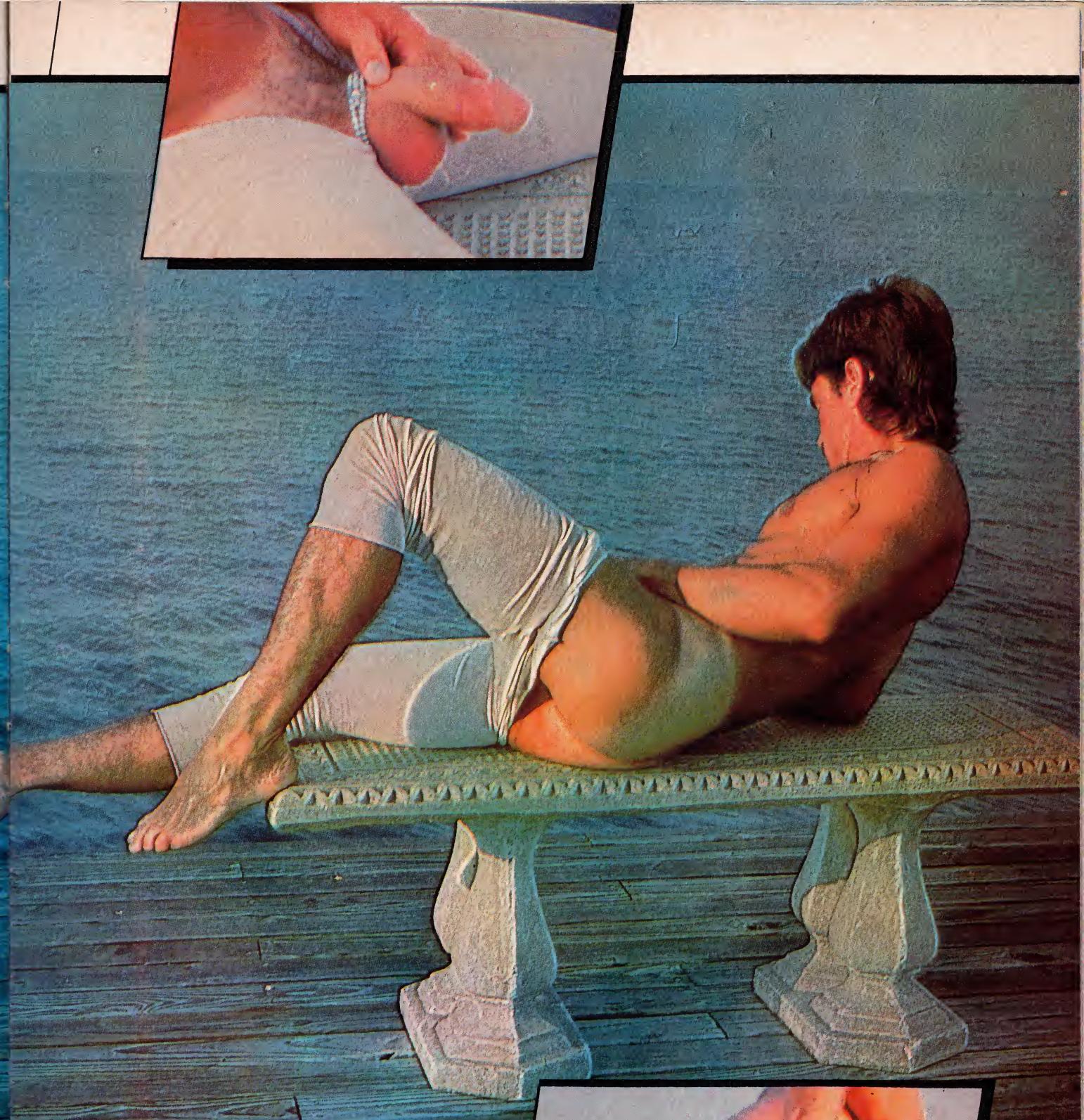
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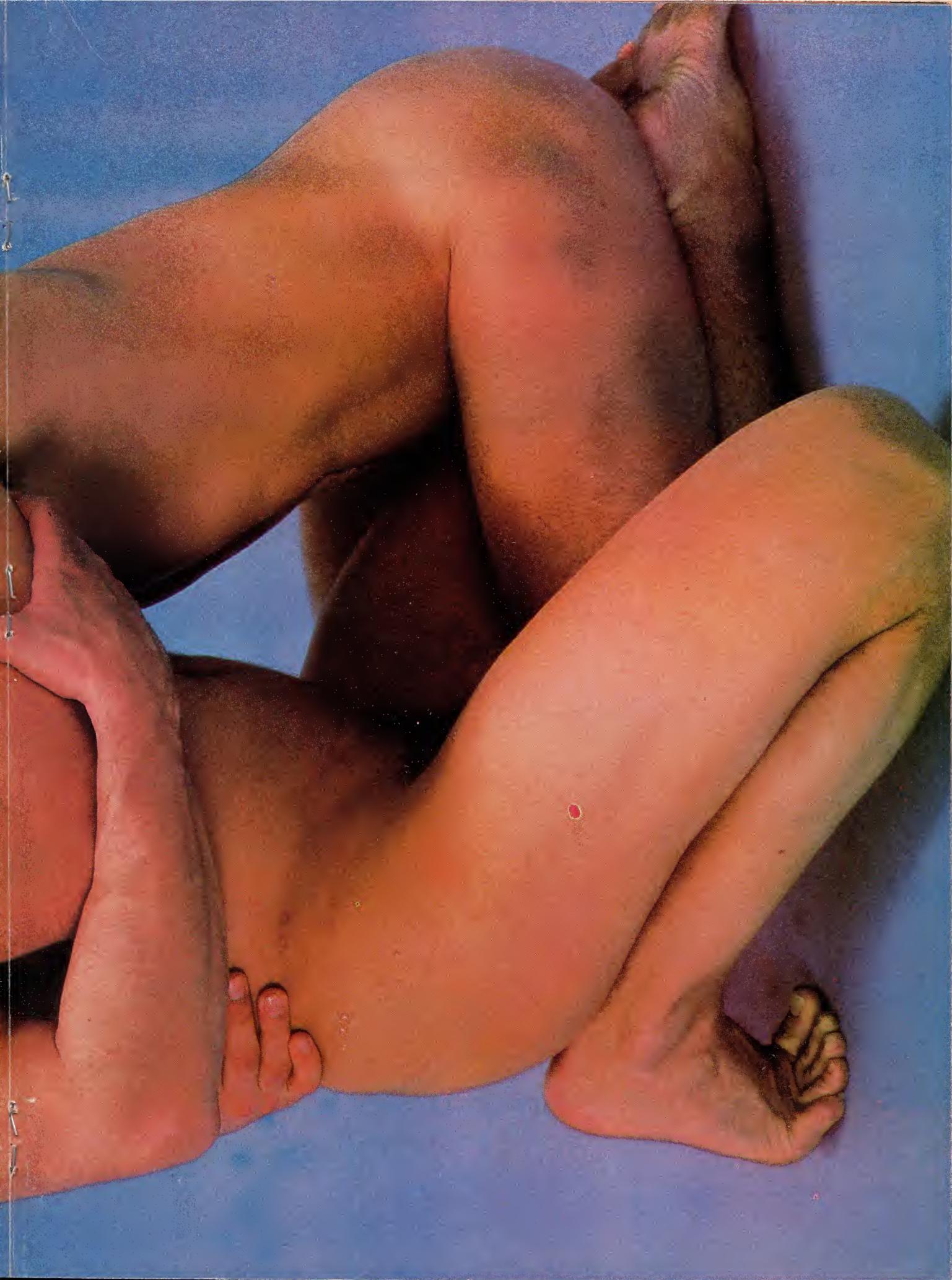




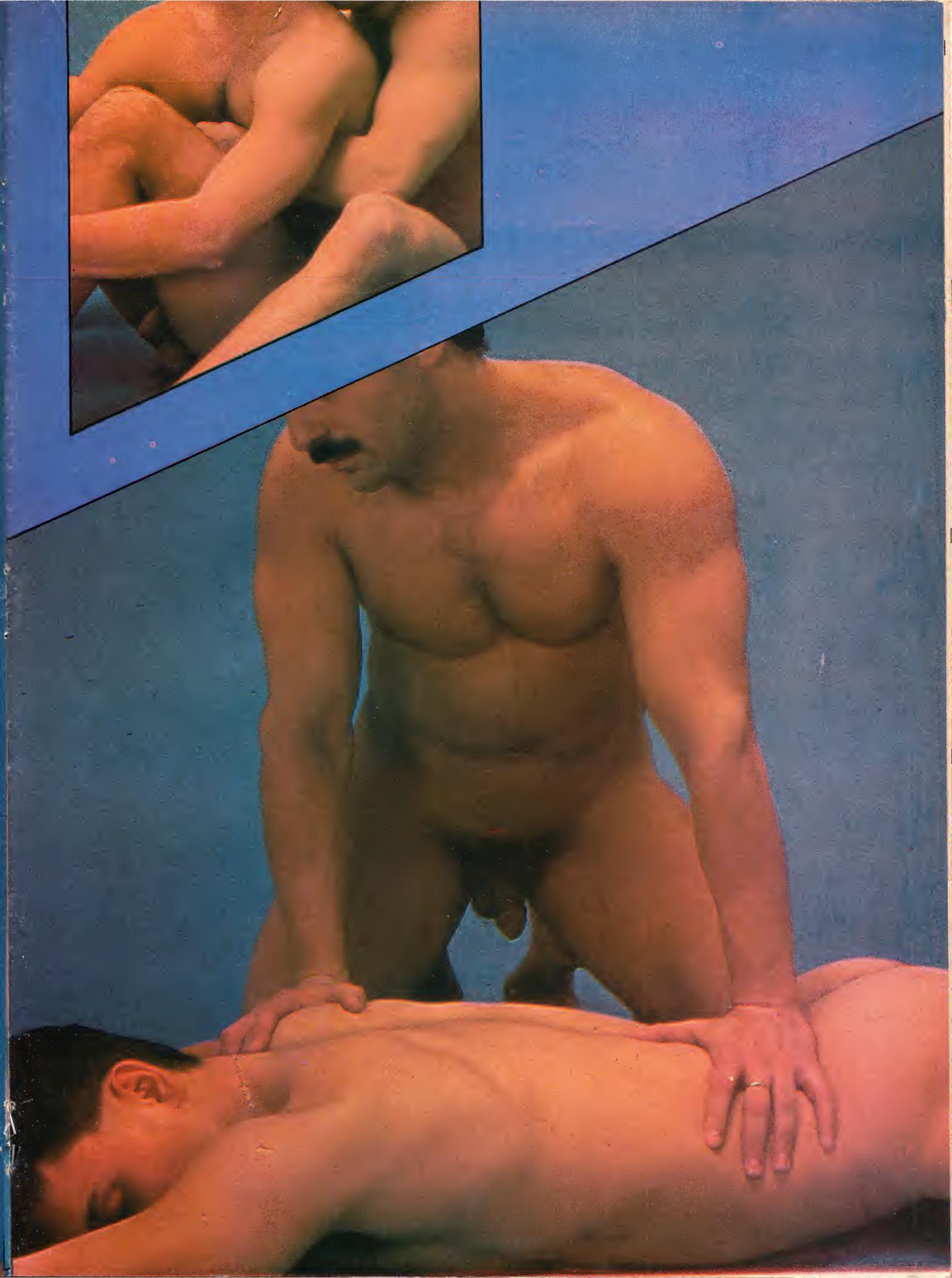
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SEPTEMBER 1984













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WANTED

THE NIGHT THEY TORE DICK'S BAR APART

Just Don't Shoot the Piano Player

BY ROY F. WOOD

I was in attendance the night they destroyed Dick's Bar.

The name of the joint wasn't *really* Dick's Bar—it was christened the Hilltop Lounge. But enterprising architects had shaped the building to resemble a cock and balls when viewed from the sky. You couldn't tell much about the bar's design from ground level (which is how the builders got away with it) but from the air it ... "stood out," so to speak. Dick's Bar was one of the most famous landmarks in South Georgia.

The clientele, for the most part, were would-be cowboys and lean bronzed farmhands. Redneck, rowdy, mean as hell, ready for a fight anytime. You might wonder what the hell I was doing in such a place.

Well, when you live over 100 miles from any city, love making it with guys and are horny all the time, you got two choices: stay home and jerk off or take your chances cruising places like Dick's Bar.

I admit it wouldn't be safe for most gay men. You gotta have balls and bulk to try making pickups in the Dick's Bars of the South. Without

bragging, I reckon I got both. I'm six three, 200 pounds, solid muscle. I've got the enviable reputation of being able to handle myself in a fight. The fact I prefer guys is generally known, and the closer it gets to closing time the better I look to some of these ramy studs. I'll give head if that's what they want, but I love letting some hung, hot dude work on my ass with at least an eight-inch rod. That sort of news travels; so some nights I score. When I don't, the ambience of the bar makes the visit worthwhile.

The last night of the bar's life started like most others. I drove into the half-filled parking lot in my pickup around nine-thirty (farmers start partying earlier than city folks). The way the place was set up, you entered at the tip of the cock. Inside along the wall a long bar traveled the entire length of the building. The other wall had booths. One of the "balls" sections contained a small stage for live bands; the other featured johns. There were a couple of spots where you could lean. I liked that area best. Everybody made a few trips to the john and you could see who might be available. Most nights, there were

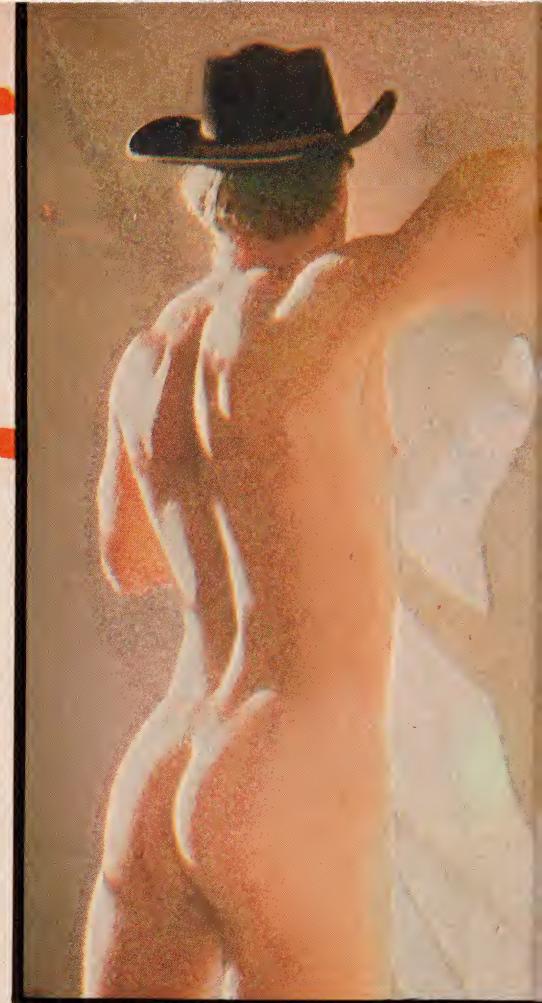
twice as many men as women in the place. Guys with women generally sat in the booths where they could make out in the dim light.

I stopped at the bar and got a beer. The bartender was civil. I nodded at a couple of people I knew, got ignored by one asshole I'd given a blow-job to and was acknowledged by two who had screwed me. They weren't above a repeat performance and I wouldn't have minded myself—both were hot and hung—but I had other plans for the evening.

The band being showcased had played several beerjoints in the neighborhood. I had my eye on the piano player. He possessed a neat body, soft brown hair and a puppy-dog face. He near blushed every time I caught his glance. His biggest selling point was the box he showed. His cock seemed to hang halfway to his knees. I was panting to see if it were real. I wondered how big it'd grow when excited.

The band hadn't set up yet. I found a good spot back by the bandstand and got comfortable. Across the way, Sally the Sucker had set up shop.

A stud in a cowboy hat leaned into one of the urinals. I took the one next to him and damn if he wasn't half hard. He stared at me mean-eyed. "Lookin' at a guy like that might lead me to think you were interested"



Sally was a hoot! In spite of the fact she was competition, I liked her. From time to time she'd slip into the men's john, install herself on one of the thrones and peer through the cracks between the stalls. When she saw something she liked, the dizzy bitch would make a proposition.

"How's tricks, Sally?" I asked as she came over.

"Lousy! These guys ain't got no stamina! The last two I tried giving head said they had to save it for their girlfriends. Bastards that can't get it up twice a night ain't worth much! How you doing?"

"Not bad. Got Jim Thompson over to my place three nights ago for a session."

"I'll be damned! He as big as we've heard?"

"No. About nine. But he fucks like

hell. Best I've had for weeks."

Sally sighed. "Some people have all the luck," she said. "Who you after tonight? That damned pee-anner player?"

"Yeah," I answered. "We still competing?"

"Damn right! I want that polecat myself!"

We laughed, talked about the possibilities of the piano player and watched the place start filling up.

Sally bummed the price of a beer off me. Her reputation's even worse than mine—strangely enough. The management expects her to let go more money than someone who might be there simply to spend an evening getting drunk.

When she had gone, I saw this stud in a cowboy hat head towards the john. I followed him.

He was at one of the pisspots so I went to the one next to him and pulled out my cock. The damn thing was half hard which was both good and bad. My neighbor was no fool. He stared at me mean-eyed. Finally he said, "Lookin' at a guy that way might lead me to thinkin' you was interested."

"You might be right," I replied, staring at him openly, arrogantly.

He didn't like that.

"Why would I want to fool with a fag when I got hot pussy waiting for me?"

"Because my ass is tighter than her pussy," I told him, "and I know more about what guys like than a woman could ever learn. Give it a try, cowboy."

He wasn't having any. At least not at the moment. "I oughtta knock the hell outta you."

"I'd be real careful of that if I were you. A simple no is good enough. Hell, if you aren't interested, others will be."

He shrugged disdainfully, stuffed his cock back in his pants and zipped up—with some difficulty since he'd

gotten semi-hard. He left hurriedly—in embarrassment, I think, because his meat was interested even if he professed not to be.

After a minute, I followed him out of the john.

The band had arrived and was tuning up.

Greg, the piano player, saw me right off, and I swear he blushed. Damn! He was poured into his levis with that cock of his outlined. He got me so hot I had to look away. It was time for another beer anyway.

I leaned on the bar and got the bartender's attention. He knows what I drink and I always tip so he brought me a can of brew. I turned to go back to cruising Greg when I noticed these four women enter the place.

One of 'em was real pretty. She had long black hair and looked a bit like Crystal Gayle, who isn't bad looking—for a woman. The others, however, were three of the biggest, meanest-looking dykes I've ever seen. Naturally, I've got nothing against lesbians (except for the fact they have no sense of humor) but I don't like it much when lesbians or gay men work overtime to fit all the stereotypes so perfectly. These three were prototypes

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I had my eye on the piano player. He had a neat body, soft brown hair and a puppy-dog face. He near blushed every time I caught his glance. His biggest selling point, though, was the long number he showed outlined in his jeans.

Crystal in their midst, turned their backs to her and took on the bar. Big Momma jerked the now-kneeling cowboy to his feet, lifted him off the floor and literally threw him into his companions. She then picked up a chair and broke it over the head of another rangy stud, sending him reeling and howling in agony. Women in the booths started screaming—or giggling—and a few fled as more cowboys tried subduing the dykes without any success. They were smart fighters and with their defensive circular arrangement were more than a match for drunk men.

I decided I'd best head to the rear. There was a door back by the bandstand, plus a couple of windows if things got hectic.

By this time most of the patrons were either brawling or egging on those who were. Bottles started flying; men were shouting; band members were trying to save their instruments.

Over in a corner, Sally had her head in some guy's crotch sucking away, oblivious to everything going on around her. So was the guy.

I ducked a beer can, and tumbled into the last booth. Across from me was the cowboy I'd propositioned in the john. He grinned, suddenly friendly.

"They're gonna wreck this god-damned joint." The prospect seemed to please him. "You still interested?" he asked me in a quick change of direction.

"I might be," I said, cautious all of a sudden. "What happened to your pussy?"

"She didn't want to put out, so I tolle her 'bout your offer." He laughed in the dimness. "That pissed her off. She said if'n I was that horny I could have you."

My hand crept under the table. Through his levis I could feel his cock

starting to stiffen. I was about to commit myself and leave Greg for another night when somebody hit Cowboy over the head with a chair leg. It was a waste since the guy wasn't doing anything. I ducked down and stayed conscious. Under the table I contemplated unzipping Cowboy's pants to see what he had but figured I'd do better getting back to the door in case escape became more important than cock hunting.

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for the term "diesel dyke." I admit I was curious as to what they were doing in a place like Dick's Bar.

Well, none of my business. At least they wouldn't be competition!

Just as I turned to leave, however, the madness commenced.

A drunk cowboy approached the Crystal Gayle lady. The more he tried detaching her from her companions, the more she pressed herself against Big Momma.

The cowboy persisted.

Big Momma had enough. "That'll do, fella. Back off!"

"Don't see nobody who'll make me," he sneered, reaching for Crystal's long, dark hair.

Big Momma's ham-like arm stopped him midway. She spun him around, pulled his offending hand up behind his back, kicked him in the ass and sent him sprawling face down onto the floor.

The regulars didn't take to that. They didn't like the women, nor were they happy to see a guy manhandled so easily. Three stepped forward to "help out".

It was the beginning of a free-for-all.

The three dyke women placed

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When Big Mama decked the cowboy trying to horn in on her girlfriend, all hell broke loose. Anyone not brawling was egging on those who were. Bottles smashed, chair legs flew, the band fled with their instruments. Except the piano player, who clung forlornly under the piano.

By now the front of the bar was a shambles. The dykes were still standing and swinging away, slowly working their way to the door. It was obvious that by the time they reached it, no one else would be on his feet.

The band members, meanwhile, had fled with their instruments leaving Greg crouched behind his piano, wondering forlornly what to do. Sally, the opportunistic bitch, having finished one man, was pulling herself onto the stage and racing through the crossfire for Greg. I leaped onto the platform, grabbed Sally in my arms, opened the back door and deposited her outside.

"The joint's on fire," I hissed in her ear.

"Like hell it is," she hollered. "That ain't fair!"

"In this business, everything you can get away with is fair." Then I swiftly ducked inside and latched the door so she couldn't come back in. Knowing her one-track mind, I probably saved her life.

Sally out of the way, I joined Greg behind the piano. The turmoil was now spilling back into the "balls" of the bar. Bits of chairs and other debris was flying over the piano and dropping at our feet.

"Messy, ain't it, Greg?"

He looked unhappy. Maybe it was my hand feeling up that splendid cock of his, which through his pants felt every inch as real as it looked.

"Hey fella," he said, "I gotta get outta here."

"Fine with me. Lets go to my place!"

"I better not..."

"Hell, you feel ready..."

"What.... you want me to do?" His hesitant question delayed a decision.

"We'll do whatever you want, nothing more. But I'd love you to bang my ass with that big cock of yours."

He stared at me. In the fragmentary light I could see disbelief written across his face.

"Everybody says I'm too big," he complained.

"I won't." I hoped I could live up to my own advertising.

"I don't know. I'm only supposed to bang ... the piano."

"Sure 'bout that?"

"Hell, you done gone and got me stiff. What with your goddamn hand on my pecker. What you doing to me, guy?" His face looked frightened and interested at the same time. Then he swallowed and said, "Could you really take this dick up your ass?"

"I'll damn sure try."

A small explosion up front interrupted us. Somebody had started a fire and the flames were now out of control, reaching the small gas grill beside the bar. The blaze was rapidly expanding and shooting billowing orange streamers our way.

"Lets go!" I said.

We rushed to the back door and let ourselves out.

People were pouring out of the front of the bar. I hoped somebody remembered to rescue that Cowboy.

(They did—I met him several weeks later and talked him into a trip back home with me.)

By the time the fire trucks arrived it was hopeless.

The dykes, still encircling Crystal like she was a princess, proudly got into their car and drove away. Everyone was so damn glad to see the last of them, nobody made any effort to detain them for the cops.

Greg and I sat in my truck for a few minutes watching the flames do their work. I kept my hand on his crotch, keeping that cock hard and ready. Finally, I detached myself enough to crank up the truck and we drove to my place.

Greg was uneasy, but I'm used to that. I got us beers from the fridge and half-guided, half-pushed him towards the bedroom.

Continued on 90

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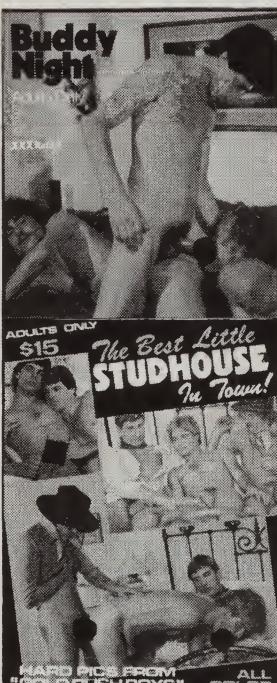
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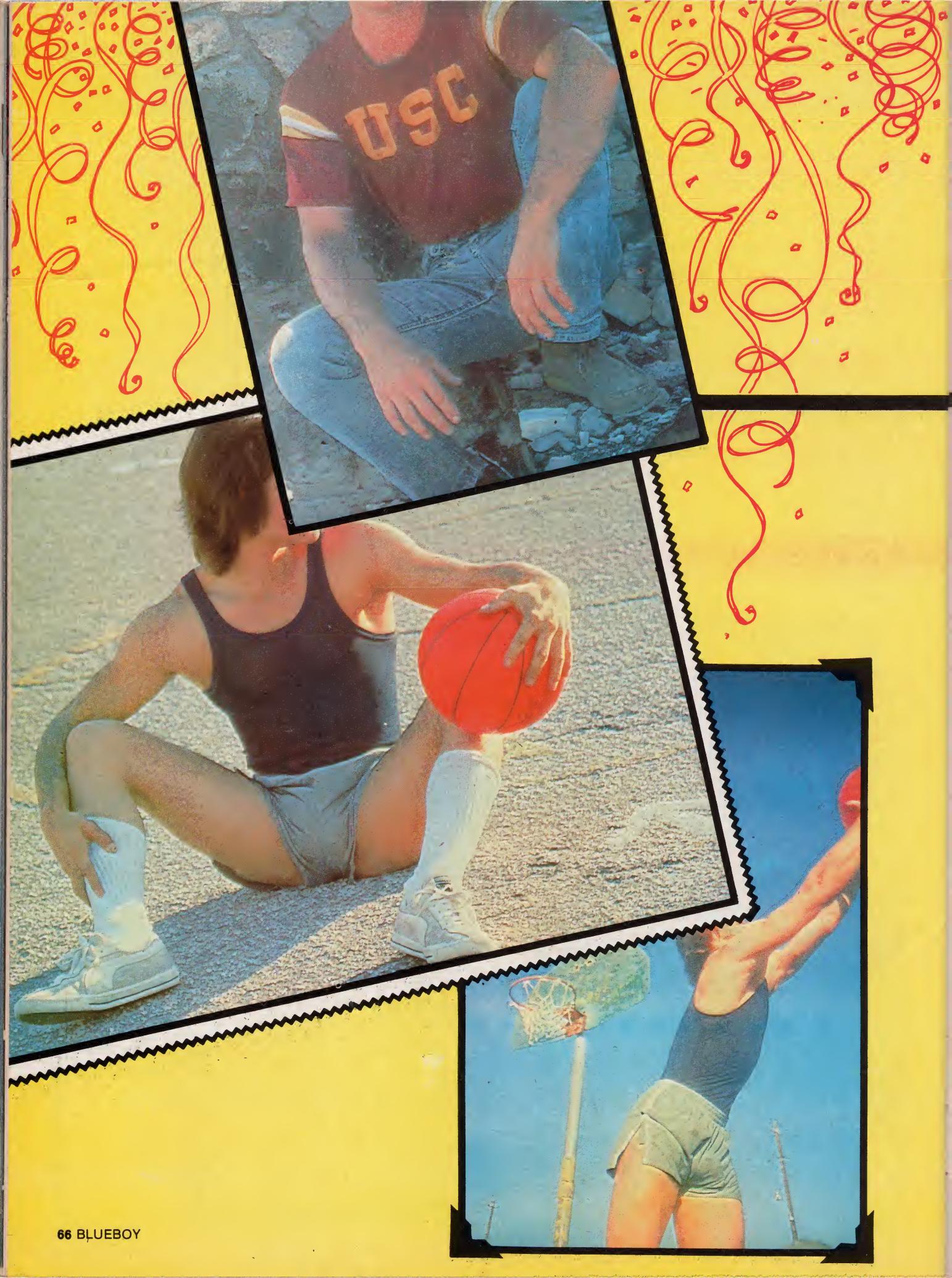
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THE CLASS REUNION

Everyone has someone he can't forget.

BY JAMES R. HOOD



On a June evening, 137 guests assembled in a private dining room at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Port Bayard, California. It was a reunion of the high school graduating class of 1949. Graduation photographs had been resurrected from the yellowing pages of the 1949 yearbook, pressed onto identification badges with the subject's name, and issued to each alumus. This served a useful purpose for in many cases physiognomies had deteriorated beyond all hope of present day recognition.

I attended the reunion despite the fact that I had no wife or children to show off, took the 143-mile flight from my home in Oregon to chilly, fog-bound Port Bayard—all for but one reason. I wanted desperately to encounter the one meaningful individual from my distant high-school past, Michael Augenblick.

Augenblick and I were both loners. We did not become best friends until our senior year. Mike, was by far the handsomest guy in school, a gorgeous composite of biceps, and green-blue eyes that gazed out steadily upon the world. At 18, he was already a man in both height and weight.

Every girl at Port Bayard High School was secretly—and in several cases not so secretly—in love with super—physical Mike. He seemed unconscious of the havoc he wrecked in female breasts as he bounded along his macho way.

Mike and I shared an old fashioned double-desk in a remote corner of study hall, where conversation was expressly forbidden. We passed notes. As a modestly gifted sketch artist, I titillated Mike's hyperactive libido with pornographic cartoons to pass the dragging study-hall period.

One day as I busily sketched a closeup of an exaggerated hard-on entering a hairy vagina, Mike tapped his desk sharply with his fountain pen. A written message was folded on my half of the desk.

"Did you ever fuck a woman?" it asked.

"No," I wrote in reply, "I don't know any women to fuck."

"Would you like to?" Mike's next note asked.

"I guess so," came my reply.

Just then, the bell signalled the close of the period and the beginning of lunch hour. Mike and I were in the habit of lunching together on an isolated green hilltop on the school grounds. It was a beautiful spot, overlooking the deceptively calm Pacific Ocean.

"Hey," I asked as we neared the end of our brown-bag lunches, "what about fucking women?"

"Well," Mike began, "I know these two sisters."

"Are they whores?" I was well aware of Port Bayard's reputation as an unsavory center for prostitutes and the many sailors whose ships dropped anchor in the deep harbor.

"Not exactly," Mike answered. "But they're both good. They'll fuck you

two ways and French you for ten bucks."

"Huh?"

"You know," Mike replied laconically. "Suck your cock. A friend of my dad took me along when he went to get laid. He's an ensign in the Merchant Marine."

"Gosh! Does your dad know about it?"

"I don't know. At least he's never said anything to me."

Mike's father was the Port Bayard harbor master and Mike, a half-orphan like myself, lived with him in a weather-beaten house near the waterfront.

They'll let you fuck 'em in the cunt or up the ass...or between the tits, or jack you off, if that's what you want. Pearl, the older one, is a real good sport. She took on the ensign and me both at the same time. I stretched out across the bed and she leaned over and sucked me off while the ensign fucked her like a dog from behind."

"Goll-ey!" I swallowed hard. I was hard! "Weren't you kind of embarrassed, having your dad's friend in the room?"

"Hell no! It's a lot of fun two guys fuckin' broads together. Gets you hotter'n a firecracker. I was sorry when the ensign weighed anchor and we couldn't fuck Pearl and Opal together any more."

"You been seeing them since the ensign left?" I was a wide-eyed kid.

"Sure, every time I go to get a piece of ass, one of them licks my balls

while the other goes down on my rod. Sometimes they trade places, but they're both good at it. Pearl can take it all the way in, balls-deep without gagging. I'm almost ready to shoot by the time she gets through licking the fucker. Gives me a hard-on just thinking about it."

I sneaked a peak at Mike's corduroy trousers. A thick cock was plainly outlined. It had weight and shape. I wanted to put my hand around it.

"Anyway," said Mike. "I have a lot of fun with those girls. But it's more fun with another guy along. Want to come next Friday?"

"I guess so," I said, attempting to sound casual. I had to hide my mounting excitement at the prospect of watching Mike Augenblick, naked, horny, and in action.

"They charge ten bucks. But they don't rush you the way the regular whores do. I'm generally there for two or three hours. The bitches get almost as much fun out of fucking as I do," he added with a chuckle.

That Friday, I dutifully followed Mike Augenblick through the crowded streets under a driving springtime rain to a grim, three-story hotel. We ascended a musty-smelling, carpeted stairway, turned into a long dark hallway, and arrived at a door from behind which music was playing. Augenblick delivered four sharp raps.

"Who's there?" called a feminine voice.

"Mike and a good buddy."

"Boy oh boy," I gasped. Giddy with excitement, I stood stiffly at Mike's side as the door opened a crack.

"Hello, sugar," said a warm, throaty blonde. "Here to have some fun?"

"We're not here to hold hands, Pearl," Mike growled. Pushing the door open, he shoved me past the pink kimono-clad figure. Pearl accepted our ten-dollar-a-piece "entrance fee" before she escorted us to the bedroom. Swing music filled the room. At a vanity table sat another bleached blonde, a slightly younger replica of Pearl, "This is Opal."

"Hi, kid." The woman in the negligee winked at me and then went back to industriously filing her long

fingernails. Mike was already getting out of his pants, gazing lewdly through his green-blue eyes at Pearl. Her kimono flapped open, she slowly, teasingly removed her rayon panties and then stood before us boys, who were by then sitting in our boxer shorts on the bed. She disengaged her globular breasts from the contraption of her bra.

"Oh boy," I said. Mike shimmied out of his shorts and stood up to suck one of her nipples. I got a closeup view of his thick, aroused manhood. I was astounded by the adult perfection of his muscular body. Despite his Austrian surname, his golden ivory coloring from head to foot revealed that somewhere along the line a dark-skinned Latin was sequestered in his family tree.

"Hey, Mike Big Balls!" Opal called cheerfully from the vanity table. "You have something for little Opal tonight?"

Wordlessly, Augenblick padded across the carpeted floor, his muscular hairy calves rippling. The smooth, glistening, dark-colored shaft reared upward before Opal's lipsticked lips.

"Maybe I was wrong about that,"

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Opal opined, extending a slim well-manicured hand to caress Mike's genitals. "Maybe I shoulda said Mike Big Cock!"

"What's this one's name," Pearl said happily, pointing to me as she lay upon the bed, completely nude except for her spike-heels.

I watched in unrestrained fascination as the plum-colored head of Mike's cock disappearing inch by inch between Opal's red lips. My own libido went rock-hard. As I continued to watch, it was I, transported across the room in erotic fantasy, who was seated upon the vanity chair receiving the glistening length of Mike's fully extended passion.

"C'mon lover," Pearl called, waking me from my dream. "Mama's getting lonesome!"

"Hey Jimmy," Augenblick said, as we sat at the counter of an all-night restaurant. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"I sure did! I learned a lot from you tonight," I replied earnestly.

Mike punched me playfully, "That was just the beginning. I'm gonna show you a lot more before you get your diploma."

"D'you mean you'd like me to go with you again?"

"Sure thing! Next Friday."

My heart beat wildly at the very thought of watching Mike Augenblick's muscular hairy ass pump rhythmically into Pearl's open legs while I got it off with Opal.

We went three more times, but graduation exercises in Sex 1-A were not to be, due to the sudden departure of Pearl and Opal from Port Bayard. I think I was more affected by their unannounced move than Mike. The emotional "fix" which I seemed to derive from our weekly fuck sessions with the Dalton sisters had come to be the most important feature of my young life.

"How 'bout taking a boat trip tomorrow," Mike asked one Friday several weeks after the departure of Pearl and Opal. "My dad can get us a Harbor Service launch and you can maybe make us some lunch."

"Sure," I said. I would have accompanied him over Niagra Falls in a barrel if he had asked.

We met the next day at the harbor launch warf. I brought the food, a pint of bourbon and a thermos of coffee. Mike looked dashing as hell in his striped form-fitting sailor shirt, bare feet and pilot's cap.

"You don't get sea sick, do you?" he asked as he started the powerful marine engine.

"Not usually," I answered. "Where the heck are we going? Hawaii?"

"Not all the way," Mike replied. "I thought we'd head out through Bayard Straits and go ashore at some beach on the ocean-side."

"Great!" I answered. "Let's weigh anchor, Captain!"

Mike drew into a sheltered cove beach about ten nautical miles outside the harbor. It was a sunny, sandy, utterly secluded place.

By the time Mike finished securing the launch, his blue seaman's pants were soaked. He took them off, as well as his drenched underwear, to dry in the sun. "Hey, slave!" Mike called out jovially as I stretched a blanket upon the sand. "Get that damn lunch spread out, chop chop. I'm so hungry I'm ready to take a big bite outta your ham—raw!"

I laughed and flipped him the finger. Still I could not help getting aroused by the fact that Mike was completely balls-out naked from the waist down. As usual, it was difficult to tear my eyes away from the sight of his large genitals, hairy ass, magnificent muscular legs.

We enjoyed a leisurely, gourmet-quality lunch that I had spared no time or expense preparing the night before. After a swig of bourbon apiece, we were ready for a nude swim in the rolling surf immediately off the cove.

It was a delightful hour of carefree recreation. Mike's powerful tan body cut through the rolling breakers like an agile dolphin.

Returning, we lay side by side upon the blanket. I had placed it beneath an overhanging ledge. As we dropped off to sleep, Mike's brawny arm fell protectively across my back. It was heaven as his hairy thigh pressed next to mine. We lay like a pair of seals basking in the bright sunlight.

When I awoke, I found Mike Augenblick lying upon his side staring at me intently through those green-blue eyes. He had a raging hard-on. His full red lips had never seemed more kissable. I moved

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toward him. He seized my body in a bear hug, returning my kisses with an unrestrained passion I'd never observed during our fuck sessions with Pearl and Opal.

"Jim," he gasped when our lips drew apart. "Go down on me before I lose my mind!"

I needed no second invitation. Mouth to groin, I took his huge dark-colored cock the way I'd seen it done so frequently before, massaging his testes while finger-fucking his hot hairy asshole.

Seconds before Mike was ready to discharge, I brought myself to a spurting climax in the golden sand as he shot hot 18-year-old spunk down my throat.

The rest of the day was filled with tender kissing, amorous body-stroking, occasional nips at the bourbon. We spent the entire golden afternoon

unusual weather until the beginning of September, when I was forced to go through with my plans to register as a freshman pre-med student at the University of California at Berkeley.

It tore at my heart to leave Mike, but I had no other alternative.

Augenblick was a woefully poor correspondent, and though I wrote regularly from Berkeley, I seldom received a reply from him. It was shortly after regrettably informing him that I would be unable to return to Port Bayard for the approaching holidays that I heard from him at greater length.

"Dear Jim: I've got some GOOD NEWS for you at last! With my dad's help, I got an appointment to the Merchant Marine Officer's Training School back East. I'll be leaving in three days. Will write when I'm settled . . . Your friend, Mike . . . P.S. I'll never

"Jimmy," it asked, "is that you?"

Startled I stumbled and nearly tripped upon the wet pavement. A strong hand reached out and seized me.

"Who is it?" I asked hoarsely.

"It's Mike," came the entirely unanticipated reply. "I've been waiting for over an hour in this damp, stinkin' bird house. It's the only place I could find to get out of the rain and see people as they left the dining room."

"Mike!" I was near to blubbering.

"Steady, old buddy," came the amused reply. "There's no sense crackin' up after all these years."

"Why didn't you come to the dinner? I'm sure there are many people who'd be delighted to see you again."

"Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all." Augenblick spoke almost bitterly in a low, steady voice. "I drove up here from Frisco to see you! So let's get the hell up to my room and have a drink. I'm chilled to the balls."

"You're staying at the Grand Pacific?"

"Just overnight. I leave for Frisco in the morning. My ship sails at eighteen-hundred hours and I've got a lot of detail ahead of me."

We headed for the main building of the towered, turreted, old Victorian hotel. Plainly, Captain Michael Augenblick of the U.S. Merchant Marine Service had not lost a single ounce of his devastating attractiveness. He looked every bit as handsome as I remembered him, except that there was a touch of grey at his temples . . . and I gradually realized he walked now with a slight limp. He had matured into a hale and hearty sea dog.

"I've already signed you in to stay the night," Captain Augenblick remarked as we made our way through the lobby toward the elevator. The elevator was ornate with iron tendrils and moved slowly. We were the sole passengers. Mike quickly kissed me on the mouth. I was amazed that his mouth still retained the taste of wild honey after 30 years.

"Do you like to fuck as much as you did when you were eighteen?" he asked mischievously.

"Do you?"

"I love to fuck as much as I ever did," Mike replied, giving me a playful grope. "It just takes me a little longer to get where I want to go. I drive a bit slower these days." He added the

As we drifted off to sleep, Mike's brawny arm fell protectively against my back. His hairy thigh pressed next to mine. The next thing I knew I was waking up to Mike staring intensely at me with a raging hard-on. "Jim," he gasped a second before our lips met.

making love. Just after we took a final dip in the chilly blue water, Mike cornholed me.

"I've been wanting to do this for months, Jimmy," he panted into my ear. His powerful hips pushed his smooth hard shaft deep inside me. "Your tight little ass was made to order for me!"

We departed the secluded beach shortly before sunset.

"Next Saturday again, huh, if the weather's good?" Mike said softly as we prepared to part.

"It's bound to be good!" I answered confidently.

And on the following Saturday the weather was just as perfect as it had been the previous week. And on the Saturday after that, and the following one as well! The summer of 1949 turned out to be one of the warmest, sunniest, fog-free seasons along the Northern California coast in almost a century. Mike and I enjoyed the good fortune of being able to take full advantage of this wonderful and

forget you Jim. as long as I live "

I did not hear from him again. His father was drowned in an accident in the harbor a few months later and I lost all contact with him.

The reunion of the Port Bayard High School Class of 1949 had been a complete and utter mistake insofar as I was concerned. I'd waited all evening for Mike Augenblick to put in an appearance, but had been sorely disappointed. An opportunity to depart without causing comment arrived shortly before midnight. I took leave without caring whether I ever laid eyes on any of my former classmates again. It was raining hard as I walked toward the hotel parking lot.

As I passed an old-fashioned lattice-work gazebo that was under the dripping branches of an enormous cedar, a deep male voice called to me out of the darkness.

endearing wink I remembered so well. In a Victorian bedroom of the historic Grand Pacific Hotel, we were soon in a powerful embrace. Three decades of separation seemed to roll away. It was as if—as if by *magic*—we were both very young and very happy again. This time there was none of the hot-blooded urgency of youth to get on with it merely to get off. Each moment was prolonged and precious. We took our time. We were patient with one another. The end result was gratifying beyond expectation. We made love with each other, after years of having had just sex with others.

Early the next morning, Mike telephoned downstairs to order breakfast for two. We were both shaved and dressed when it arrived. It seemed like a banquet. I noticed Mike still enjoyed his food with all the gusto of his hardy 18-year-old self.

We exchanged lengthy reminiscences, many tender kisses, many lost embraces... then we prepared to depart. He to his ship in San Francisco Harbor, me to my pathology lab at St. Jude's Hospital in Oregon. Just before I closed the door on the

room I said to Mike. "I have to tell you this was the most important night of my life. There's never been anyone in my life to take your place."

Mike looked at his shiny black Navy shoes. When he spoke, the words came slow and soft. "I just had to see if something I thought I'd never find again was real or just... something I had imagined."

"And was it real?"

"Very."

"I've got a ship to catch."

"Fuck the ship."

"You can't change a lifetime of..."

"Yes, you can... We can."

"You don't understand. I'm married. I have two sons in college, Jim plans to go into politics..."

"Jim! You named one of them after me."

"Yes."

"This is killing me."

"And what do you think it's doing to me. And has been doing to me ever since I left Port Bayard. I never even looked back... except for you."

"Listen, I want you as a part of my life, okay."

"Yes, Yes" Big, bold Mike was

getting red-eyed.

"Let's not fall out of touch this time."

"No."

"You have my number now. Let's work this thing through. You'll be back in six months?"

"That's right. December fifteenth, San Francisco Harbor."

"We have a date for dinner on Fisherman's Warf."

"Okay, okay." Mike began retreating down the hotel corridor. He never could handle big emotions.

I wondered if I'd see him again. I took a flight down to San Francisco, rented a car and was waiting at the dock on December fifteenth. I studied the alien faces of strangers as sailors went to and fro to their ships. I wondered if I had missed him, or if there had been a change of plans. Christmas lights were twinkling along the Bay when suddenly the world turned into a golden summer afternoon. We found each other at last. That night, and the many that followed it, we realized we would always be very young and very happy as long as we remained in each other's arms. ●

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Patient Juan Andujar, undergoes the procedure at Universal Hair Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick.

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"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Dave Podell, a 25 year-old chiropractor from Central Jersey. Dr. Podell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair," which may cost anywhere from \$1200 to \$3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28 year-old hairdresser from New Jersey, underwent the dermal retention process.

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Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs made several retainers throughout Andujar's dome. He then inserted the artificial hair replacement, and a Hair Stylist styled it. The whole process took about three hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

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BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

I was always skeptical of these "dermal retention" ads as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077 after calling (609) 829-4300 which

has performed thousands of dermal retention procedures during its nine year existence.

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

Well Kept Boy

Continued from 33

houses and apartments will have more or less the same amount of money as your lover. Super rich people hate mixing with poorer people, not out of snobbery but because it is inconvenient and embarrassing if one of the party can't fly to Gstaad for the week due to some dreary nine-to-five job. You shouldn't drop everything either, not until he has made very solid arrangements for your future. So you have to be sweet

your favorite joint. You pluck up the courage to say hello, but instead of giving you some amiable story which leaves your ego intact, he either ignores you completely or speaks so coldly that you shrink away, quite flattened. Compare this gross behavior with that of an equally good-looking fellow who smiles, says "Thanks all the same, but I'm expecting some friends." We all know both these types, and the rude guy never really has many friends, just lots and lots of one-night stands. This makes him even nastier, until one day when he's about 30 he fades out of sight, his good looks thrown away as if they had never been. Nice really is better than beautiful.

So you really need to be charming. You need to consider other people. Put yourself in your friend's place, think what he would like. Try to see the good side of some of the creeps and bores you will encounter. Somewhere under that totally unattractive

ended badly did he relinquish this seemingly ordinary life to become involved with a series of fascinating younger men. These young men had sunny, outgoing natures and a readiness to make friends with all sorts of people. As Maugham's "secretary" the current young man was always very butch and usually interested in girls—typical trade you could say. He travelled with Maugham, introducing the author to all the people that Maugham wrote so brilliantly about. Maugham is not fashionable just now, but for all his prissiness he could write very perceptively about people, spinning wonderful stories. Eventually he may be seen as a historian of the Twenties and Thirties, just as that other so-called lightweight, Noel Coward, is gradually becoming recognized as a more accurate historian than many a bore on some university English Lit syllabus.

Maybe you are shy yourself. Never

To meet a rich man, get a job in a place that caters to the wealthy. And be very, very good at what you do. Never behave as though you are really too fine for your job. The world is full of waiters who are princes-in-exile.



exterior is a human being struggling to appear in a pink tu-tu and rhinestone tiara. Listen to the stories, even if you have a much better one of your own. Everybody loves an attentive listener; they are the rarest of men. Women are much better at it than we are. You have probably heard your father rambling on about something, while your mother says, "Yes dear. It is a disgrace. Something should be done." Meanwhile, you can tell by the detached look on her face that she is deciding what to cook for dinner.

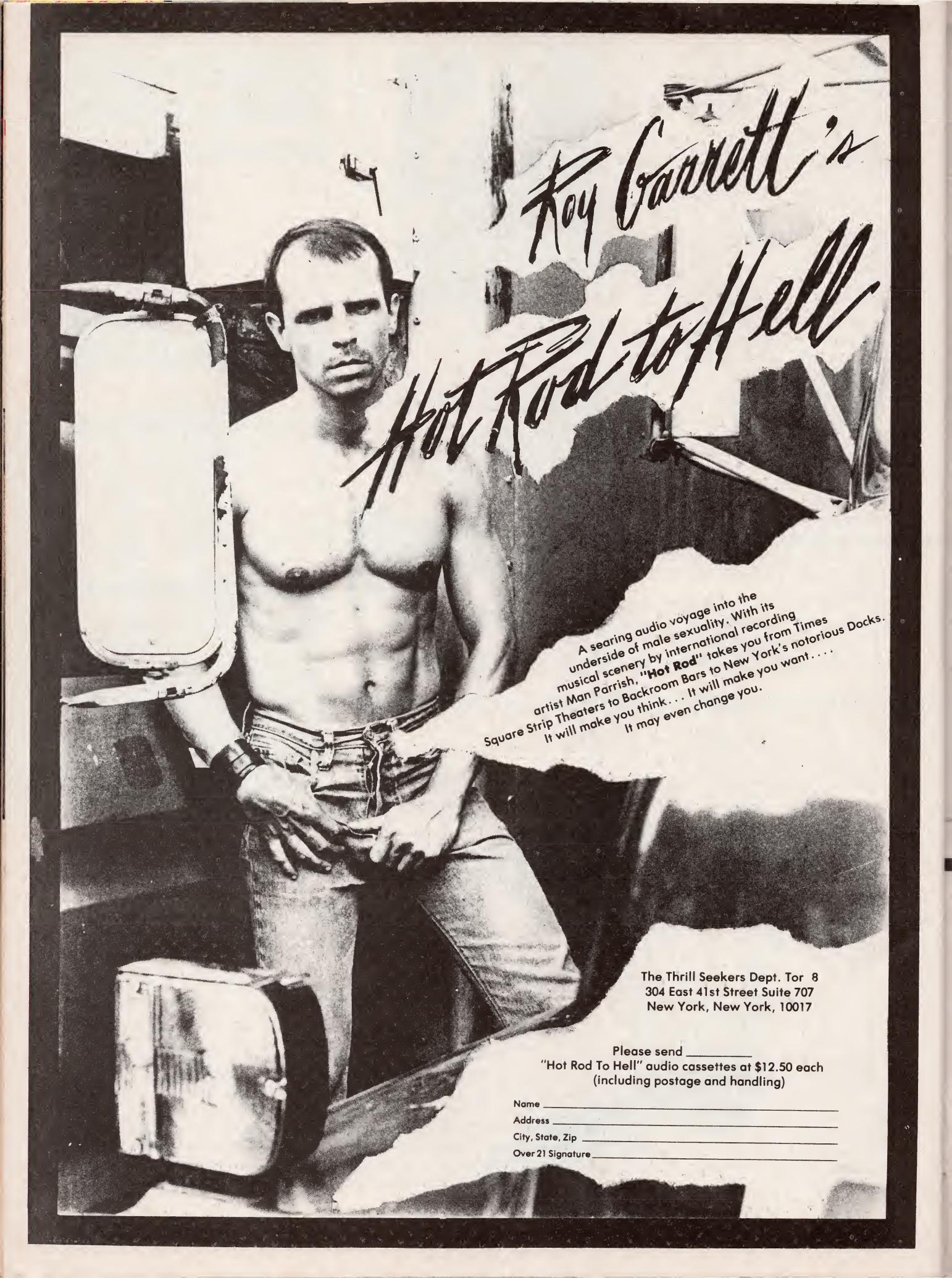
Since your new rich friend is likely to be both dull and shy, he will be looking for someone who is a jolly extrovert. Somerset Maugham, although a brilliant novelist and playwright, was not at all good at meeting new people. He was perhaps not even prepared to admit to himself that he preferred men. He married, had a child. Only after his marriage

mind. Shy is charming. But dull isn't. You should be preparing yourself for the day a customer takes an interest in you. Are you interesting? Do you like any sport? Old parties love athletic boys. Or if you are not the hearty type, you should have an interesting hobby. Photographing wild flowers, or collecting glass and china elephants, say. If you are not interested in anything, you will be a bore. And if you are a bore, you may as well go off to the nearest gay bar and forget the whole thing.

The hardest part of being charming is self-restraint. There may well be some people in your new lover's crowd, usually hangers-on, who would love to be in your place, and if they can't be, will try to fuck it up for you. They will say uncharming things about you behind your back. Just smile when your lover asks you if they are true, and say, "You know me better than that." He doesn't of

but apologetic when he wants you to take a week off. Your job is more important since it took all that study and work to get it. Also he will appreciate the fact that you are a hard-working man interested in your career. Fortunately your employer may be very happy to let you go on such a vacation, if he realizes that your in with Tex may result in more sales of costly antiques.

The indispensable attribute for success in this endeavor, as in all of your life, is charm. Let's take a look at plain old-fashion charm. A guy may be extremely handsome, but without a nice nature he won't get very far—even in a gay bar. Think of all the times you have seen some ravishing hunk over the other side of



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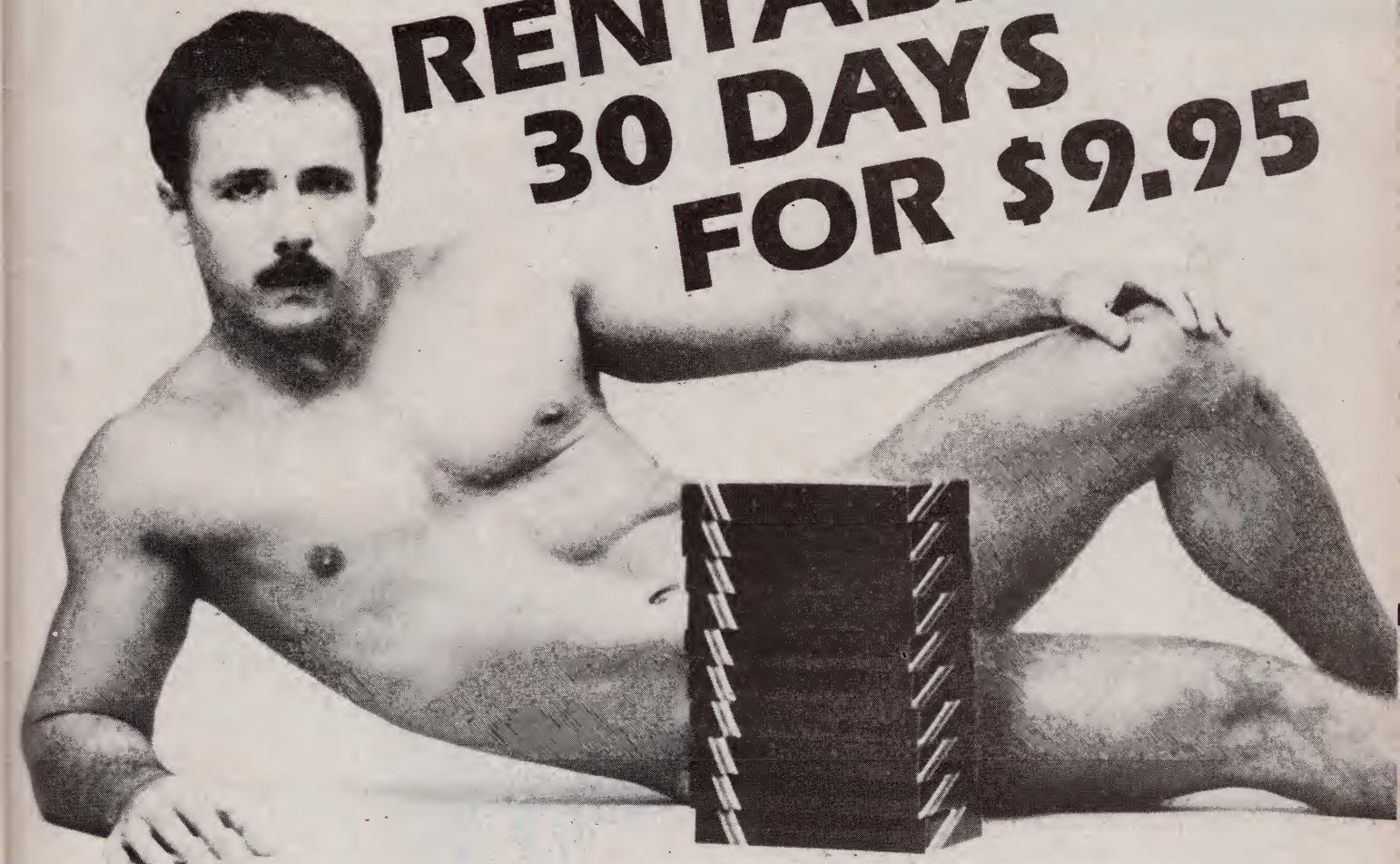
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THE U.S.A.

Continued from 27

"I like my cut cock. I love it. It's pretty."

"Jim came walking down the hall naked. He was the foreman at Grandad's ranch. Grandad was a widower: there were no womanfolk at his ranch ... only cowhands. I spent summers there. Jim came into my room to see if I was OK. It was a warm evening. I was naked too. He stood in the doorway with his big deal hanging out in front of him ... in the mellow lights of the oil lamps. It fascinated me ... it had such a raw, naked look. Hard, leathery head. Wide scar around the thick shaft. He handled it nonchalantly. He was a 'real man'; my peter stood straight up. He came over and gave me a playful squeeze. Pulling the loose skin. Peeling it back. Exposing the pink wet looking head. He called me a milk calf. 'Feel like company, partner?' he said in his soft low drawl. We talked into the night and he told me that frogs at the swimming hole jumped up plopping at him and they got the skin off his peter. He teased me, 'Better watch out over there, partner, or them frogs will circumcise you.' I only half believed him. I went to the swimming hole the next day and stood there all naked, but the frogs weren't interested. I had to wait until I grew up to find me a 'frog'. I met a fine young doctor at the fishing lodge and he was more than happy to take the skin off my peter. Now, every time I gaze down at myself I am reminded of ole' Jim and his wondrous big deal with its raw, naked look I loved so much. He was a 'real man'."

"I have a favorite peephole, viewing two urinals in a can at a large university where I work. My hobby is watching uncircumcised men piss. The endless varieties of methods keeps me fascinated. Of course, out of every 100 pissing peters at the school, only about 15 have foreskin. OK, lets take 15:

5 roll their skins all the way back completely clearing their cockheads while they piss.

5 roll them back just enough to clear the stream or slightly further.

3 don't touch their foreskins and just

let the stream splash awkwardly through the skin funnels. One of these usually pulls out his balls while he pisses.

1 pinches his foreskin shut while the stream builds up inside and he lets it out with a swoosh and then shuts it again and repeats it several times. Then:

6 out of the first 10 carefully pull their skins forward again after pissing.

4 of the first 10 just shove their cocks into their pants with their skins retracted at various positions.

2 of the next three shake their foreskins violently clearing out any trapped piss.

1 of the last three now pulls his skin all the way back and wipes his bared head dry with his shirt-tail.

The pincher, after a long suspenseful wait the stream stops suddenly he lets his skin fall shut with an audible snap and flips it into pants. Oh yes, the 15th uncut pisser. He spreads his forward-position foreskin open with two fingers so that you never see his head but the stream neatly clears the skin with an unobstructed path. When he's finished, he keeps his foreskin spread wide with his fingers, pulls it up to his stomach, bends over and looks around the room suspecting that someone is watching. I pop!"

From, "The Membrum Virile", by Edward Karsh, Penury Publishing Company, SF 1969:

"It seems that the young rascals of Tahiti deem it a kind of semi-disgrace if the glans does not come out in a state of erection, and those who have the infirmity of phimosis are laughed at by the Wahines. Circumcision, having disappeared with the old religion of Tahiti, is now imitated by the following trick. The Tane boy holds the tip of the foreskin between thumb and first finger, when he wants to make water, and leaves only a small outlet for the passage of urine. The result forms a bag which distends the foreskin around the glans. After employing the trick several months, the glans is completely free."

"Mom was always after my older brother to clean out his foreskin. I idolized him and his big full-skin dick was magical to me. But mom hated to be bothered cleaning his peter when he was younger so I guess that is why

I got clipped when I came along. When he was about 15 and I was 10, we were drying after showers when mom walked into the bathroom. She pulled his foreskin back and found smegma. She gave him hell. Alone again, he said, "Shit, I can't help it! It's just there no matter how many times I wash it out! Mom doesn't understand dicks!" Well, I didn't understand his dick but I sure wanted to learn, so I told him, "I understand them!" From that night until he left for the Army four years later, he let me play with his great uncircumcised cock and he never again got caught with smegma. It was our secret! My own secret was that I kept his smegma in a leather pouch hidden in my room, enjoying a whiff now and then. It was my dope; my way of getting high. Mom would have been blown away."

"I had never realized how much difference being screwed by an uncircumcised cock makes. Recently I have been screwed by three guys, two uncut and one who was. I am still hurting from the cut guy and that was last week."

"My first two sons were circumcised. I was too young and bashful about the subject at the time, so I let my wife decide the fate of their cocks. When my third son was born I put my foot down. I wanted at least one male in our family to know what it was like to be a 'complete' man. As he grew up I was fascinated to watch his version of the family penis develop. It took on an entirely different contour than those of his brothers. It appeared to be more graceful, more relaxed. Of course, what I was really watching was what my own penis would have looked like if I hadn't been circumcised."

"I was a medical corpsman all during Korea and saw a lot of unnecessary cutting of foreskin. It was my job to prep the guys waiting to be circumcised and to wash out their penises. Often the doctors asked me to stitch up the circumcisions after it was over because they were so busy and I did such a good job of it. But I hated to see those foreskins go down the drain. Most of the guys were buckling under peer pressure or pressure from officers and medics. In those days an enlisted man could be court-martialed for saying no to an officer ... even if the no was to

circumcision. One kid was crying as I wheeled him into the circumcision room. I felt very sorry for him and pulled some funny stuff to help him escape. I almost got my butt in the brig. In one of my units all of the fellows with foreskins decided to get circumcised together ... all except two of us. It was a male comrade thing with them but I was a square and held out anyway."

"I grew up in a small town through which a major highway transversed. In the only public can in town there was a big glory hole that's where we'd meet strangers passing through. That hole had been there a hundred years. I'll bet my grandad and his dad before had stuck their peckers through it. One day I was sitting there when an out-of-town auto pulled up and three young men came in to piss.



There were only two urinals so the third guy got into the booth next to mine. As he pissed he noticed the hole and started to bend over to look through it. I started to J/O. He got interested and made a motion for me to stick it through. I did. He didn't suck it like I expected, but just rolled it around in his paw. Then I heard him whisper to his friends, "Hey, c'mon in here and see what I caught. It's a strange one." I knew all three fellows were studying my pecker which was about to pop out of its skin. Then one guy whispered, 'Hey Man, it's a farmboy's dick. My uncle is a farmer and my cousin has one just like that. I'll show you how it works.' He pushed my skin back and forth about five times and I shot! As they walked out one of them said to the others, 'Don't you guys know about circumcision?'"

"My twin and I are identical and we have identical cocks: 8" with 2" of tapered overhanging foreskin. We are lovers, I guess we are weird, but we seldom have sex with anyone else, even though we just turned 21. We jack-off together while we talk about good looking guys we've seen. Sometimes, one of us pretends to be some guy we've seen and the other sucks off the 'stranger'. If we've seen a turn-on dude with his cock hanging out at a urinal and he is clipped, the one who pretends to be the guy rubberbands his foreskin back so we can work on his 'circumcised' peter. Mostly, though, we just beat our long, slender dicks by the hour, watching our skins slide. Watching my brother is like watching myself. We really dig having foreskins! We stretch them out, tie them up and put weights on them, chew on them. We sleep together and sometimes we keep our skins taped together all night. I'll bet we were in the womb like that! We'll

"I was circumcised in a Texas prison farm. It was punishment for trying to escape."

"I am a football coach at a small New England college. I've never considered myself to be gay, but I have always been interested in the bodies of my athletes. I suppose it is natural for a coach to be proud of his men, both in their appearance and their performance. If I wasn't interested in the male body I probably wouldn't be a coach. I think there is nothing more magnificent than a well-toned physique. It is nature's most perfect instrument. I seldom go into the showers so I don't see my men naked very often. When I watch them on the field, I sometimes strip them in my head, fantasizing about their genitalia. Frankly, I always picture their penises as being whole. Uncircumcised. I couldn't bear to think that any of those perfect human specimens has been mutilated by circumcision."

Back home in California something extraordinary was happening. Americans were discovering foreskins. Those few Americans who had "all that extra skin" were in demand! After years of being harassed, I was IN!

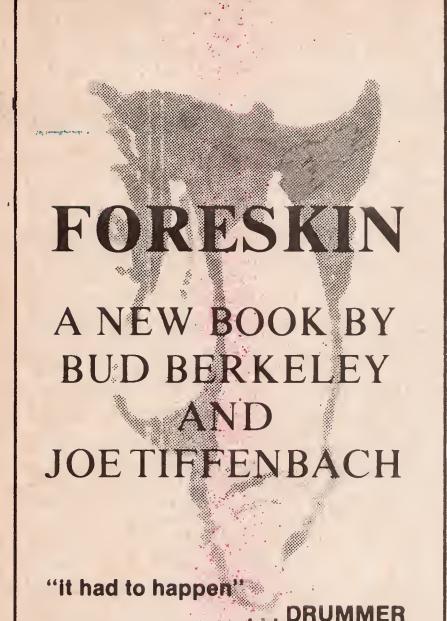
never get married to women and have kids because we never want to be separated from each other's cocks. So we pretend to make each other 'pregnant'. The one who plays the father shoots his seed into the 'mother's' foreskin and we tie it shut, leaving the seed in the oven. The husband takes real good care of the pregnant wife until it is time to unlock the foreskin and pull it back to find our (censored). Didn't I tell you that we are weird?"

"My mother once told me that she did not allow her sons, to be circumcised because she considered it very unattractive."

"I fantasize about large, husky, bald older men with lots of body hair and wads of overhang ... just the thought of such a hunk gets me stiff."

"I sincerely hope the USA can attain all it's envisioned objects and more. If even one boy should retain his prepuce and be spared the cruelty and unending emotional trauma from the damage so commonly inflicted, we will have accomplished what once was impossible."

"I think the potential scope of the USA is far broader than 'gay' or 'circumcision'. It has the elements of a potent male liberation movement. Male liberation, as far as we have seen it so far, is a phoney! It merely buries us deeper into our matriarchal society. Men learning how to cry—what a phoney issue! Men have always cried. Most of us have no hangups about that! Our hangups are with our penises. We should be proud of them, be free to talk about them, enjoy them without guilt. We are men



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because we have cocks! Our male libidos belong in our cocks! Instead, our culture has attempted to transplant our libidos from our penises to our fists and to the guns in our hands. Our penises are looked upon with downcast glances; objects of disgust or derision, while our national sentinel proudly holds a rifle. We should be proud of our penises! Not our guns! Contrary to what most women think, this militancy is a result of our matriarchy. It's not their fault. It is because, as with most societies, our male-female relationships have evolved through countless generations of wars in which men have been slaughtered and women become widows. Males have become expendable to our society. Women, constantly being prepared for widowhood, protect themselves from 'the men' through the control of myths, old-wives tales, traditions and taboos. This matriarchal pantheon is defended by the sons who are marched off to war! Why not amputate their foreskins, desensitize them, deodorize them to please the matriarchy? How can men enjoy the full meaning of manhood in a society which can't stand to look at their maleness directly in the balls? Why shouldn't men be able to talk 'cock-talk' to other men without a taint? It has nothing to do whatever with 'gay', 'bi' or 'straight'. It has everything to do with the healthy male libido being centered squarely where it belongs ... in the penis! The violence of the fist and the gun in the hand is destroying the world. The gun between the legs would give only love and life to mankind ... and a future. USA, you've got a big job to do!"

"Ten years ago I was in Vietnam after being a 19 year old draftee. I was assigned to an officer who was an attache to a general. We lived together in a bungalow in Saigon and we traveled all over Nam with the general. At first, I was terrified by the shells and bombs that could be heard from our bungalow and I would lay in bed and literally shake. The officer got to getting in bed with me to calm me down. I wasn't gay at the time, or at least I didn't know anything about being gay, but when he cuddled me it sure helped. Then one day I got word that my grandfather had died and I couldn't help but cry. Again, he came and cuddled me and that night he brought me out. I was in love! After a

few weeks though, I noticed he became hesitant to go down on me and I intuitively knew it was because I was uncircumcised. He was cut. We had become acquainted with an army medical officer who was gay and I went to his office one afternoon to ask him to circumcise me. He was away on a mission for a few days, so another medic inspected my penis and agreed to circumcise it right there on the spot. The way he was handling it gave me an erection. He said we had to wait for it to go soft. The longer I sat there on the operating table the harder my penis grew. Finally, he told me to go home and get some sex and return the next day. When I got home we had some orders for the next day, so it was a few days before I could return for my circumcision. I didn't say a word to my lover. When I did return our gay friend was back on the job and found out about my desire to get circumcised. He told me, 'Leave that foreskin alone! Hell, I wish I had one! Boy are you lucky, kid, you almost had it whacked off the other day. Some of the medics around here would love to get their knives on your dick!' I walked home, not knowing that the doc was calling my lover and giving him hell. When I got home, my lover asked me where I had been and if I had met anyone we knew. I tried to lie but the truth came out. He said, 'I admit that I was confused by your foreskin. C'mon, lets get in bed and educate ourselves.' The next few months were heaven. Then he got killed on a mission."

I am one of your Canadian USA members. Enclosed is a song I wrote for the newsletter. It is to be sung to the tune of "America The Beautiful":

O hood divine, O skin sublime
O foreskin dark or fair . . .
O wrinkled tip, O pouting lip,
Your beauty is all there.
Unveil, unveil man's tool of life
and cover it again . . .
The thrills are true, the pleasure
too;
Why can't all men own you?

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Uncircumcised Society of America or
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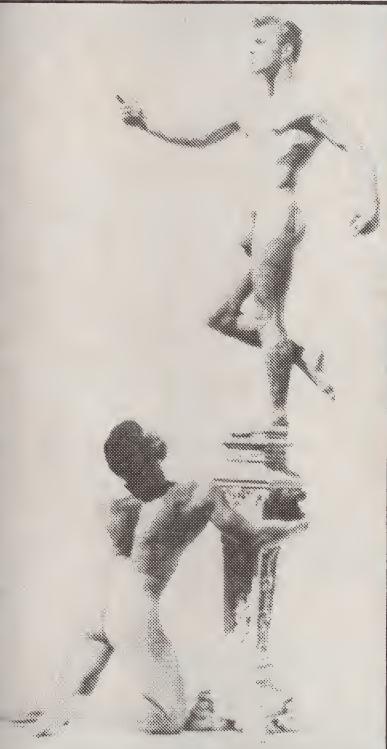
THE GAY AESTHETIC

BY JOHN CALENDO

It's a way of seeing beauty that other people don't see. It's going to a football game and knowing that the chunky jocks all around you are far more exciting than what's happening to the football. It's seeing *Rebel Without a Cause* for the first time and being able to say Sal Mineo's adoring lines to James Dean before he does. It's that secret wisdom that flashes between the lines of what's suppose to be going on and shows you what actually is going on. It's looking at a Navy recruiting poster and knowing that its true power over hardy young boys is emanating from the snug fit of the sailor's butt-hugging uniform. The gay aesthetic is that thing inside you made of grit and nerve. It's identifying with the plight of the underdog because you have learned how to survive ridicule. It's coming to terms with the world by sticking to your own guns, seeing what is true for you above all else, doing it your way. It is, in short, knowing exactly where Alexis Carrington is coming from.

An aesthetic is a person's philosophy of beauty—what he consistently picks out as exceptional. A gay aesthetic is that idea of beauty that gay men seem to have in common, that stuff we call "hot," "fabulous," "homoerotic." It's almost like a sixth sense. We pick it up even before we meet our first bonified gay person. When we do finally come out, we are often astounded by how much similiarity there is among gay men in choosing things that seemed to be otherwise fringe, off-beat or unique to us. Certain singers, clothes, childhood TV shows, for instance.

We do not know precisely how this happens; we just know that it does. The documentation of such a communal gay sense of things begins in the Fifties, and it begins with the most basic common denominator of homosexuality—sex.



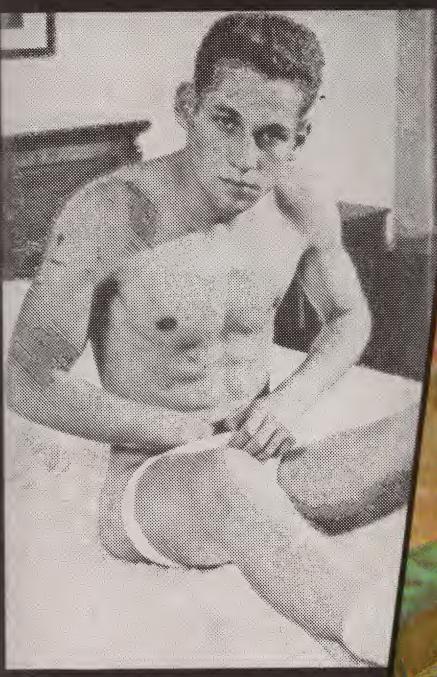
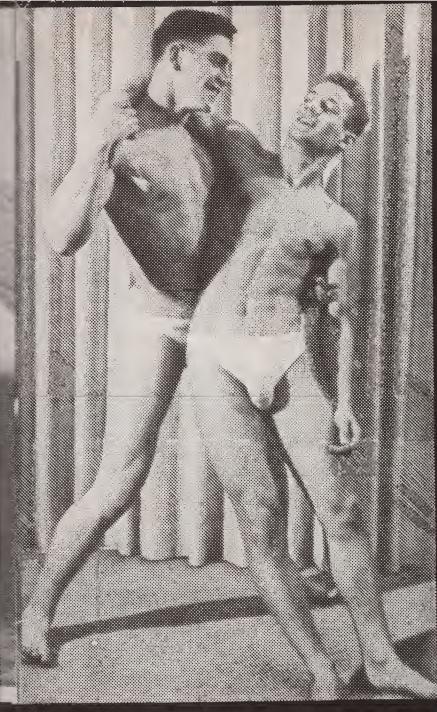
Four Fabulous Decades!

the 50's



The war was over. The Space Age was upon us. Cars looked like rocketships, and the gay aesthetic—in the form of forbidden man-man sex shots—was sold under the counter for exorbitant prices. Undaunted, the gay aesthetic began to emerge with the appearance of cautious over-the-counter muscleman magazines that seemed less concerned with bodybuilding than with well-lit posing straps, massive cantilever butts and rippled, suntanned chests. The illustrations could be more daring than the photos, and George Quaintance was the Technicolor master of dreamy, ducktailed studs coming on to each other. George Platt Lynes, meanwhile, used his fashion-photo know-how to shoot timeless studies of beautiful nude men. The most explicit expression of the gay aesthetic was *One, The Magazine of the Homosexual*. Unencumbered by the Kinsey-esque jargon of the time, *One* presented down-to-earth articles written by homosexuals for homosexuals, drawing upon a common well of experience. Easily 20 years ahead of its time, the trailblazing *One* was the first truly gay magazine.



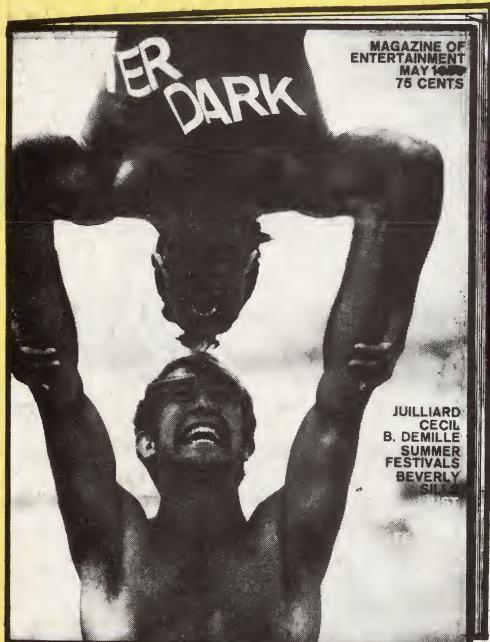


the 60's

Everything was instant, now, new.

Clothes came off, rules were relaxed, and the gay aesthetic became a subject for *Life Magazine*. In a decade when the sexual revolution was waged successfully, homosexuality came out of the dark as first a titillating specialty act, then a status kink, finally an alternative lifestyle. In movies, it led people to the depths of madness, suicide and murder; or it was a gourmet taste for the very gifted. The now unstoppable gay aesthetic infused a new magazine of the arts called *After Dark* with a shirtless, pouty-crotched excitement that made it prime j/o material, as well as a coffee-table necessity in smart gay homes. Photo books of fully naked, fully frontal

Tough Guys with unmistakable "blow me" expressions were progressively sold over the counter, and the big landmark of the era was when the Guys finally showed real live hard-ons.



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PECULIAR

PHALLIC
SYMBOLS
ARISE

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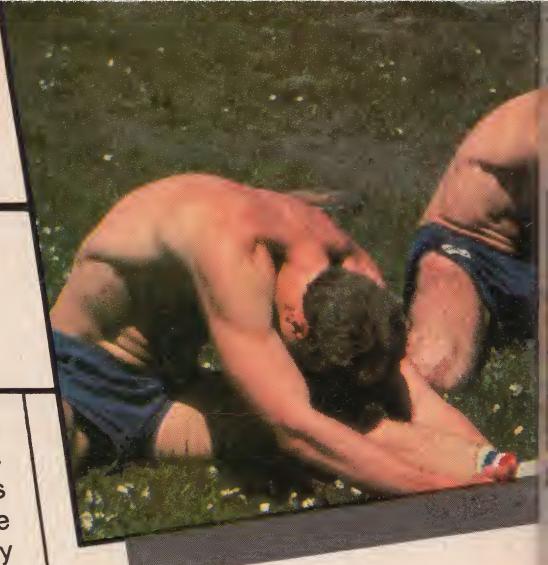
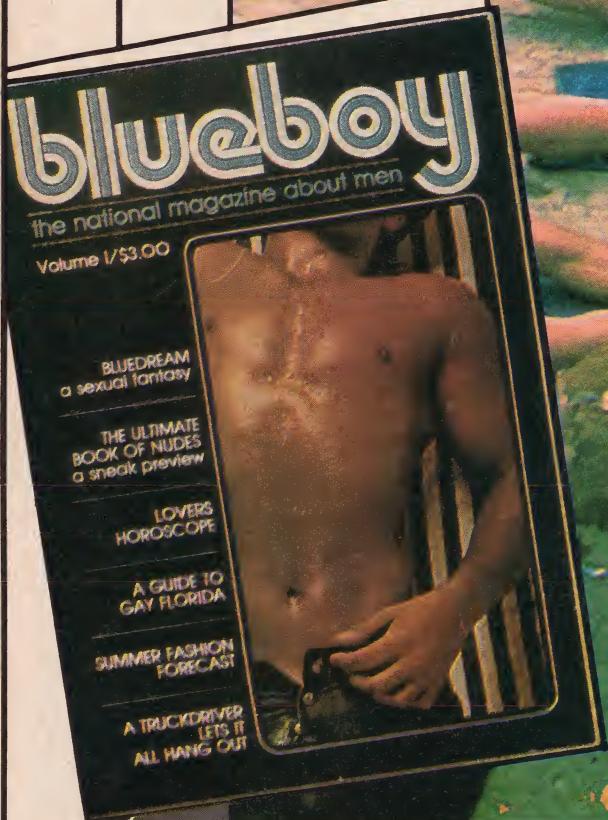
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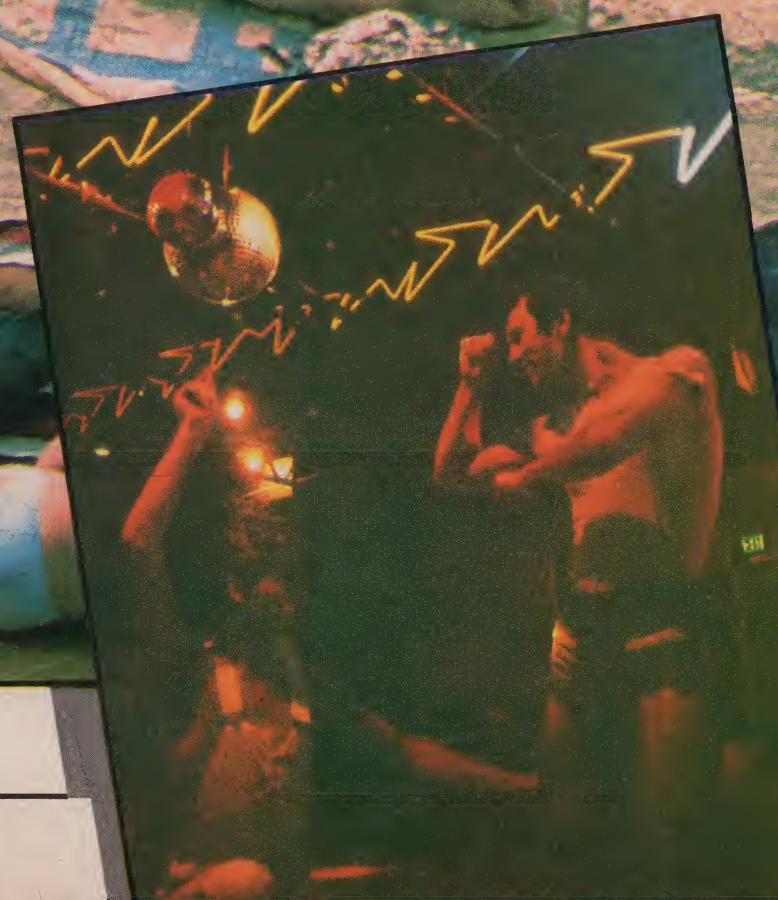
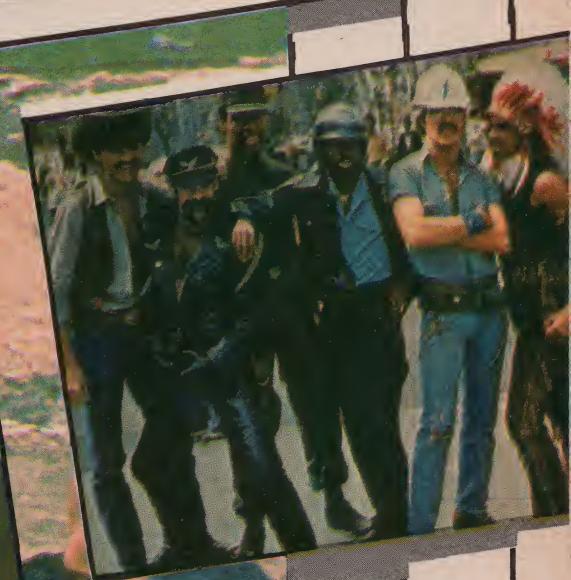
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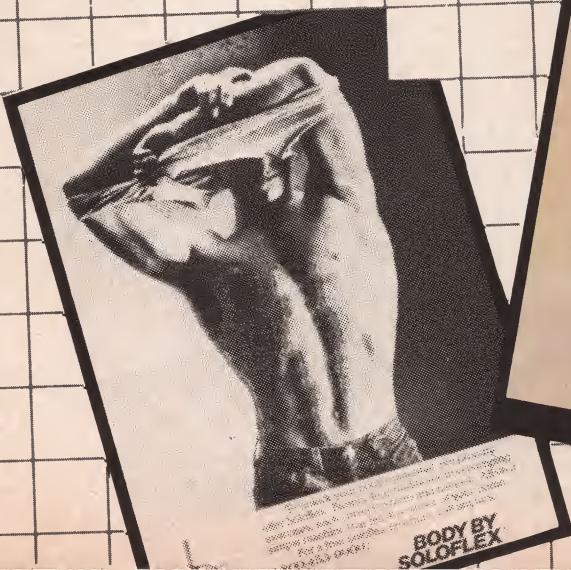
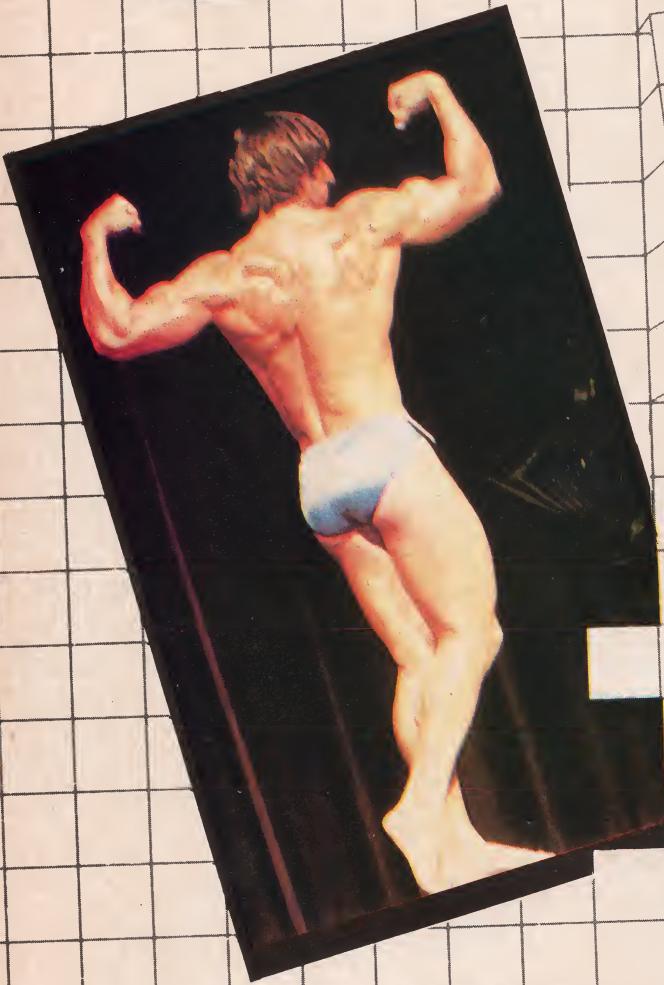
the 10's

The Gay Decade. Disco, drugs and douche. The gay aesthetic took on geographic reality with the rise of gay neighborhoods. This massing of people produced a full flowering of the gay aesthetic. The rise of gay money, gay power, gay politicians and slick gay magazines. A new visual vocabulary was born. Goodbye arrogant trade models, hello big beautiful gay hunks. Hello leathermen, cowboys and construction workers. Moustaches and flannel shirts. Hankies, teddy bears and key chains. The Anita years. The Marching years. The years of Gay Pride.

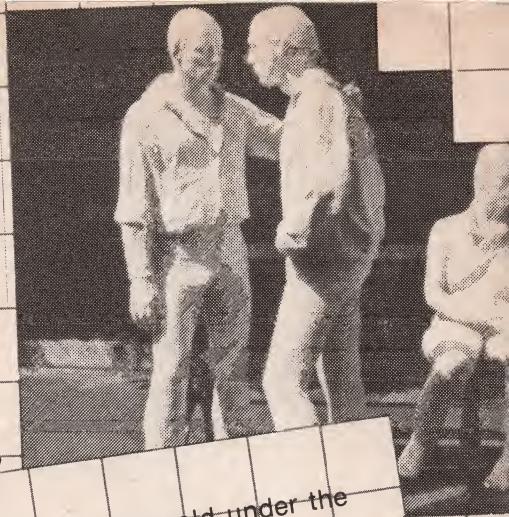
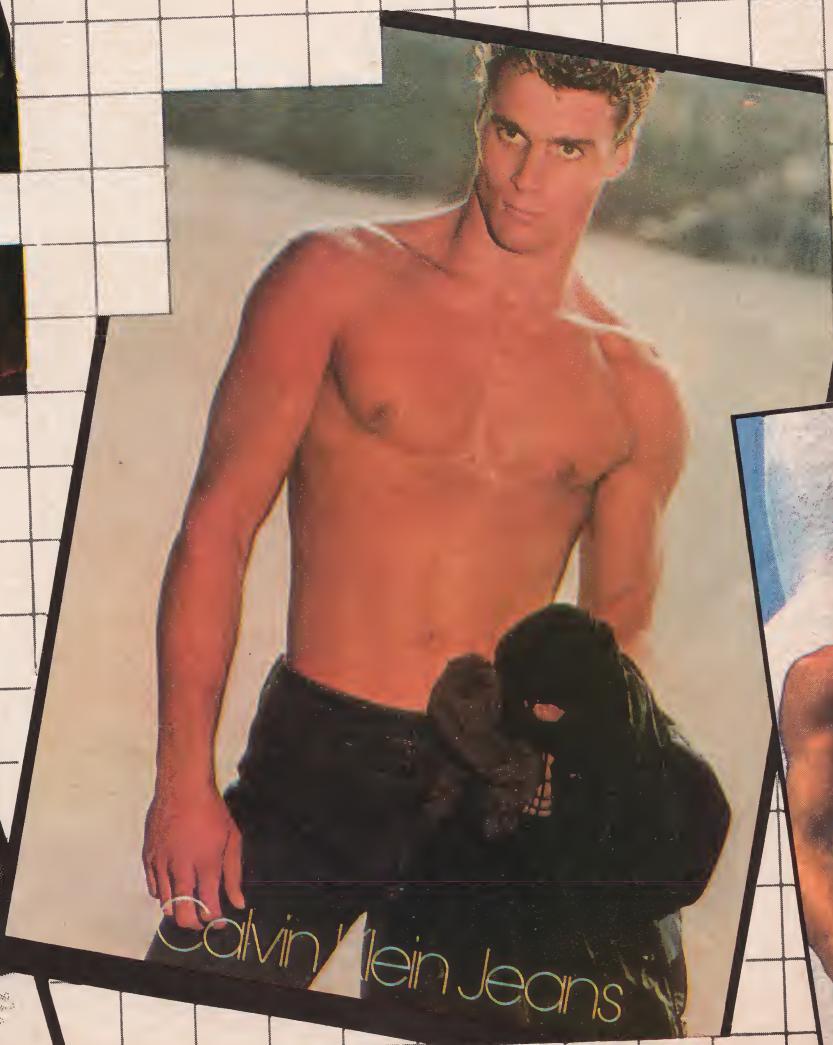




the 80's



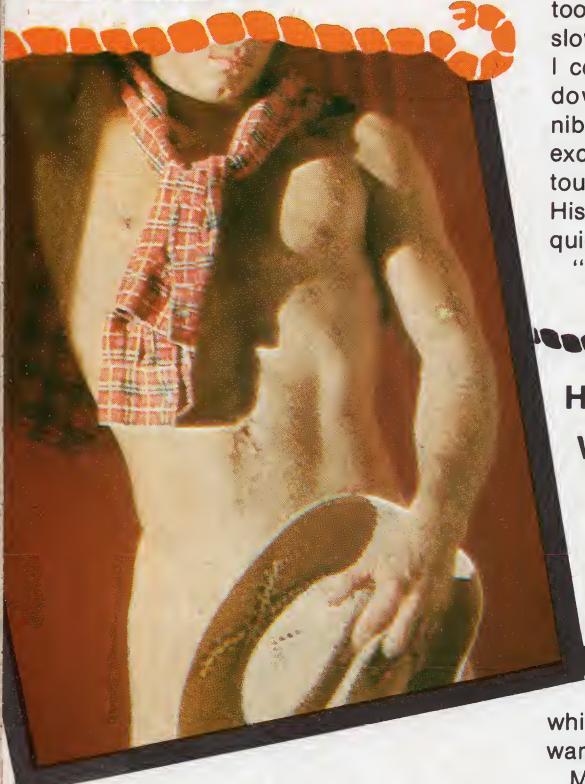
What was once sold under the counter is now put on billboards in Times Square. The Calvin Klein underwear man. The GQ layouts fraught with sexual tension. The rise of beefcake calendars, beefcake movie stars, beefcake TV shows. The smash success of a musical male love story. The gay aesthetic enters the mainstream—like soul music, pizza pies and Sony Walkmans before it.





DICK'S BAR

*Continued
from 64*



He gulped the beer while I unfastened his belt buckle.

With guys like Greg, it's important to work fast. Compromise their position before they change their minds.

Sliding his pants down over his expanded cock wasn't easy, but I'd worked too hard to let a little denim get in the way. With one hand tugging on his pants, I unbuttoned his shirt and gently caressed his chest. His firm body was tight with abdominal muscles. His nipples were taut. In spite of himself, he like having me play with them, pinching them just enough so he could tell this wasn't some woman kneeling in front of him.

Finally, I got his pants down around his ankles.

"Wow!" I barely breathed the word.

Big wasn't adequate as a description for his attractions.

"Like it?" he asked shyly, seeking approval for breaking some personal resolution.

"Son, I'd run out of adjectives!" I pushed him gently against the bed, sat him down, and quickly got him completely undressed. He lay on the bed gazing at me with those soft, dark eyes as I climbed out of my clothes. Then I settled myself between his sturdy thighs.

He was still ill at ease. His cock, however, had a separate existence. I took the head into my mouth and slowly worked my way down as far as I could go. I ran my tongue up and down his shaft, then licked and nibbled at his balls. He started getting excited. As his hands reached down, tousling my hair, exploring my face. His cock was straining, his body quickening. It was like waking a giant.

"I wanna fuck you, man," he

I started moving my ass around beneath him, loving the exquisite feeling of him inside me. He went in and out of my ass, faster and faster.

He rode me hard. You'd think he was Jerry Lee Lewis banging "Shotgun Boogie" on his damned piano! Except he'd never before been so fully satisfied. For that matter, neither had I! Matching his energy and exuberance, I guided him closer and closer to climaxing—an event which, happily, did not occur too soon. Yet the nearer he got to shooting, the wilder he fucked. Our sweat mingled and his gutteral utterances ignited my imagination with the images of a wild, untamed man on my back. When at last he burst into me, clasping me tightly, I knew that for once in my life, I'd found "dream fulfillment"!

Laying in his hot, sweaty arms, his hard cock still inside me, I smiled thinking of what Sally would say when I told her about the evening!

**He gulped the beer while I unfastened his belt buckle.
With guys like the piano player it's important to work
fast. Compromise their position before they change
their mind. His firm body was tight
with abdominal muscles.**

whispered. "You said that's what you wanted."

Me and my big mouth! I hadn't expected he'd end up big as a telephone pole! Still ... I do have a reputation to maintain. And I did want him. It's just that guys like Greg, used to women, don't always take the time to work themselves into a new situation. I reached for the lubricant and hoped he'd remember my ass wasn't no damned piano ...

Just getting him ready took nearly the whole jar of vaseline. My hand motion excited him because I'd barely finished when he grabbed me more energetically than before and rolled me over.

To my surprise, he did enter slowly. Filling me deeper and deeper with his splendid meat. At last he stopped, wrapped his arms tightly around my chest and exclaimed, "Goddamn! You can take it all!"

Tell me about it, stud!

"Man," he moaned. "You are good!"

"So are you, fella. Real good! Rest a bit, now."

He flung an arm across my chest as we shifted positions. "Reckon I might as well sleep here."

It was both a question and a statement. "Sure. We'll take a break and do it again!"

"Damn ..." He drifted off to sleep.

What a night! And it wasn't even over...not if I was any judge of studs! A couple of hours, he'd be hot and ready for more.

I got up and padded into the bathroom. When I was finished and shut off the lights I peered out the window in the direction of Dick's Bar—or whatever was left of it.

Was I seeing things, or was there a reddish glow in that direction? I hated like hell thinking about the joint all gone up in smoke. Still ... the night wasn't a total loss: I shot the piano player. ●

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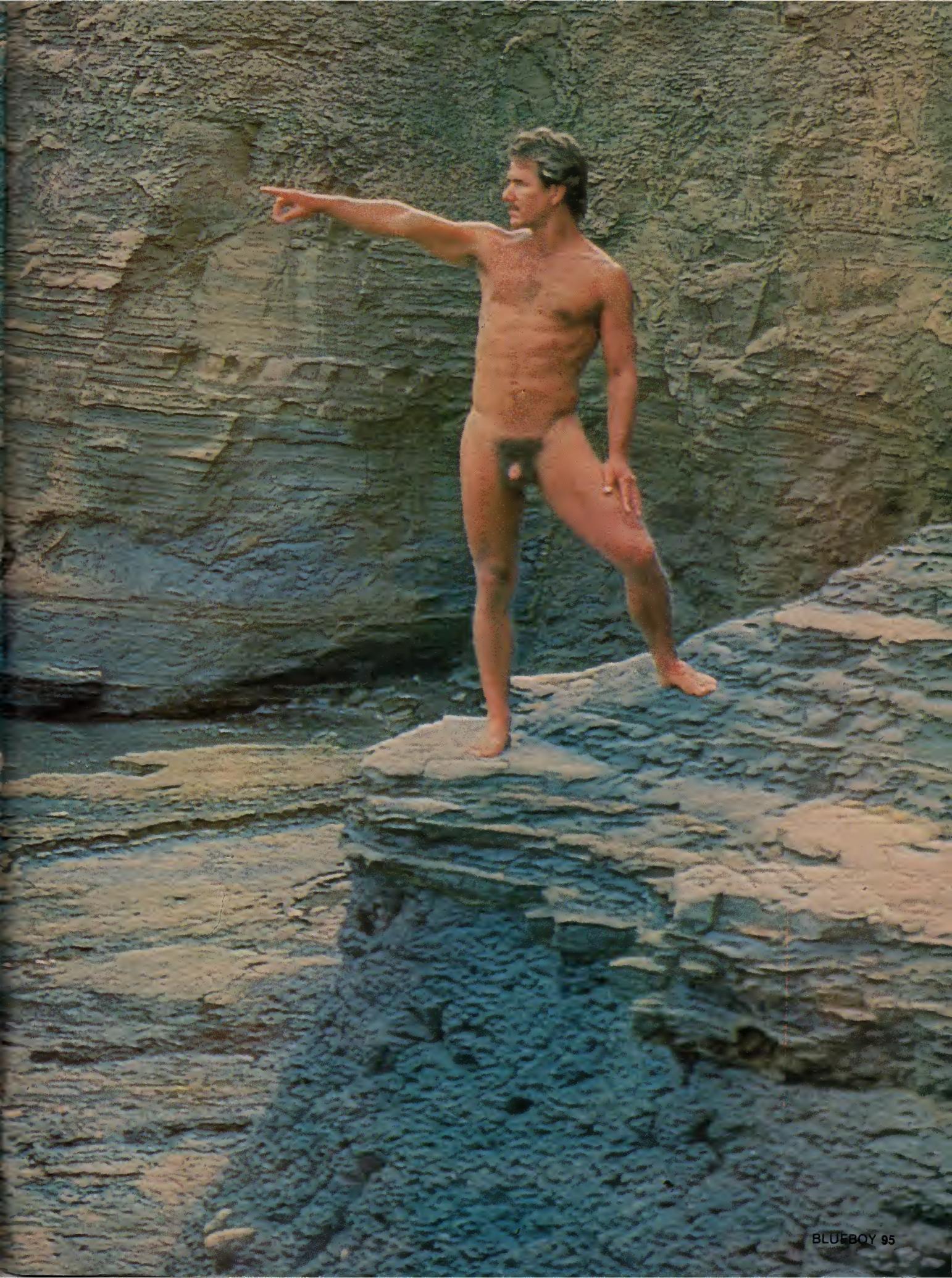
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